

**FILM
THREAT**

**KERN DOES
MARILYN MANSON**



VIDEO GUIDE

**ERIC
KROLL**

**THE KINK
OF
FETISH**

**THE
SEX
ISSUE**



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A black and white profile photograph of Lydia Lunch. She is looking upwards and to the right. She has short, light-colored hair. Her face and neck are covered in various tattoos, including a large, intricate design on her neck and shoulder that appears to be a stylized face or mask. The background is dark and out of focus.

LYDIA LUNCH

MALICIOUS INTENT

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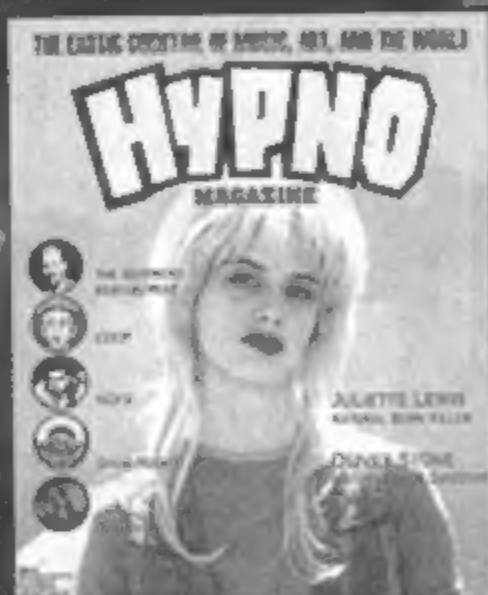
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VIDEO GUIDE

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SCREAM

MAGAZINE



SCREAM



SCREAM MAGAZINE-NEW ISSUE #5 - features cover story on Bava's *Black Sabbath*, an interview with Vampira, an exclusive on Richard Blackburn's classic *Lemora*, Lydia Lunch, the self-proclaimed Ed Wood of the 90's, video & book reviews, and more of the usual sickness! \$3.95

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MAIL BAG

FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE PO Box 3170, LOS ANGELES, CA 90078-3170

FTVG#11 ("25 Underground Films") quickly sold out: though some people saw it as our definitive "sell out." Fuck, 'em!

SHATTER DEAD REDUX

Dear Dave Williams,

Thank you for the review of Shatter Dead in your most recent issue of the Film Threat Video Guide. Although I did not find myself agreeing with all of your criticisms, I thought a few of them were well-founded (ie: the pacing of the first third); most of it is stuff we discussed in Chicago, and I appreciate the consistency in your words and the inked pages. I do wonder, however, if the articles in Fangoria and Alternative Cinema somehow biased your review of this project since you take the time to make condescending references to my remarks in both of these publications. Regardless, I appreciate the amount of space and the photo layout allotted to Shatter Dead, and I hope that you review the project on its own merits and not on my interviews. Good luck on your recently alluded-to project, and I look forward to further communications with you.

Scooter McCrae
Scooter McCrae
Seeing Eye Dog Prod.
201 19th Street
Brooklyn, NY 11232

Scooter,

It was a pleasure meeting you at the Chicago Underground Film Fest, primarily because you were open to my comments on Shatter Dead—which in fact had just gone to the printer. While I disagree that I was biased by the articles I had read about your film, perhaps I was somewhat harder on you than necessary because Dead had more going for it than most films I review for FTVG. Thusly, I was much more disappointed when it crapped out at various points. That may not sound much like a compliment, but I mean it as such. As for my own film, Shooting Stars in a month—and you will get a copy to peruse and slag at will.

DISGRUNTLED CANADIAN

Hello FTVG,
I love your magazine. Your article on Lydia Lunch was a great read. I have a subscription to FTVG. The last issue I received was #10 (Fighting Back). I was wondering if that was the most recent issue of if there's been one since that. If so, I never got it. I've enclosed the MO I sent for the subscription. Hope you can help and thanks a lot!

GAVIN HEIR
124 BOND ST.
TORONTO, ONTARIO,
CANADA, M5N 1K2

Gavin,
Your sub is in proper order, but I regret to inform you that many copies addressed to our Canadian subscribers were returned to us by your country's humorless postal authorities. (A second, unmarked mailing was then made.)

EXIT FROM DOMDUM



home movies

Dave,
I KNEW ISSUE #10 HIT THE STANDS A WHILE BACK BUT I'VE BEEN BUSY AND ONLY RECENTLY GOT A HOLD OF IT.

YES, IT WAS A WELCOME REVEAL AND, YES, I'M GOING TO REND MY SUB. STILL, A PRINTED LETTER IS NOT AN ACCEPTABLE REPLACEMENT FOR A RESPONSE.

BYE JAY

P.S. — OKAY, I ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT THIS AND I KNOW GORE IS THE ONE RESPONSIBLE BUT WHAT THE FUCK?! THE IRISH GUY FROM THE "REAL" WORLD? GUY, YOU BETTER THAN THAT.

125 SOUTH ST. #7 BOSTON, MA 02111
212 368 WEST HARTFORD, CT 06117

Jay,
Since you wrote this letter, you have become a video reviewer for FTVG and thusly work for Dominic. Ironic, isn't it?

COPY FOR COPY?

YO! FILM THREAT
Here's a picture n trade
for your catalog.

STRAIN
P.O. BOX 1912
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32704

LATER!



Strain,

You send us a lousy xerox copy of your
geeky cartoon and expect us to send you
an ORIGINAL, LIMITED
EDITION issue of our magazine?
Well, okay...

WARPING OUR YOUTH



To: David E. Williams

Sometimes I can't believe all the trash in the "Mail Bag" towards you,
so I just wanted to drop a positive "thanks" for all your hard work.

This past summer, Craig Smith ("Psychedelic Glue Sniffin' Hillbillies"
FTVG#7) and I taught an "Underground" film course that WE
designed. It was a full class, very popular and we are slated to teach it
again.

Film Threat Video Guide and Super-8 Sound played major roles in
our approach to the course. Yes, we looked at films by figures such as
Stan Brakhage, Kenneth Anger, Bruce Connor, etc. But we also
looked at "Red & Rosy" and we made "Hated," "Fingered," "Darkness,"
etc. available to our students as examples of contemporary low budget
"Underground" films.

As part of a class project, we saw Stone's "Natural Born Killers," for
its use of Super-8. Yeah, right. We have and will continue to warp and
indoctrinate the growing cult of Super-8, underground FILM
enthusiasts.

To all your naysayers, "Go Fuck Yourselves." Dave, keep the Edge!

Don R.

Don Ramirez
Filmmaker/Film Teacher

Don,

Thanks, your butt-kissing was
superb. Readers of FT proper know
how much I dug NBK and I'd
like to get reactions from other
readers.

WE'LL SHIT WHEN WE SEE THE NEXT ONE

HEY, FTVG—

THANKS FOR REVIEWING MY VIDEO
(THE DESECRATION OF HOLLY BIBBLE)
IN ISSUE #11.

COMMENTS

- 1) WHY DID YOU INDICATE THAT
THERE WAS MUSIC WHEN
THERE WASN'T?
- 2) YOUR REVIEW WOULD SEEM TO INDICATE
THAT IT REALLY DESERVED A
5 RATING BUT I THINK I
PREFER THE "TRANCE-WOULING" 3.
(NOW I CAN TELL PEOPLE YOU
SAID IT WAS "HYPNOTIC")
- 3) IF YOU DIDN'T LIKE THIS ONE
YOU'RE GONNA SHIT WHEN
YOU SEE THE NEXT ONE

Sincerely,
Kevin Joy

LOST IN HER OWN SPACE

Dear Sirs

A friend of mine told me Judy from
Lost in Space had a brief career doing soft
porn after the series ended. I would love to
order one of these tapes as a birthday present
for a friend who doesn't get out very much.
Do you know of an address where I can order
the tapes from or a phone number so I can
order by phone. I would really appreciate
the help. Thanks for your time Susan Appleby

Susan,

You should be ashamed. Wash your mouth out. Actress Marta Kristen
(to our knowledge) never performed in anything of the sort—and one
staffer hazily remembers her appearance on a (more than) vaguely
religious television show. If anyone has facts to the contrary, I would be
glad to inspect them on videotape or in still form.

Kevin,

I reviewed your tape and found myself to be quite charitable in
giving it a coveted "3" rating. Frankly, your effort was barely
watchable and perhaps I had music playing in the background just
to keep me awake—sorry, my fault if it wasn't actually ON the
video. And please do hurry the next one up, I'm constipated as hell.

DIGGING ON THE CHICAGO UNDERGROUND FEST

Dear FTVG,

Those who did not attend the CUFF will never know what they missed. Hobnobbing with the True Artists, select Others from Beyond and Certain Self-serving Sycophants: entertaining, all.

Any idea why those in charge didn't have a mailing list form? Any idea why FTVG had nothing FUCKING AVAILABLE FROM SRL? Why no submission forms, either for next year or for FTVG?

Why a witless "panel discussion"? Who the fuck cares what Significant Others think? D.I.Y. Come to think of it, that Panel had a nasty tendency to be (dare say it?) elitist as hell. What the fuck is wrong with the mainstream. (Other than the obvious.) Would the Sex Pistols have been the Sex Pistols without The Beatles? GG Allin takes on significance when standing next to Johnny Mathis.

Carry on. I certainly shall.

Charmingly,

James R. Allard, Jr.
308 E. Broadway St.
Mishawaka, IN 46545

James R. Allard, Jr.

James,

Thanks for your oblique suggestions and comments. I'll pass them on to Jay at the CUFF (or maybe not). For those who didn't make it, see page 36 for the complete inside dope.

ANOTHER HAPPY ENDING

FILM THREAT VIDEO

HEY GUYS,

NEKROMANTIK RULED.

ONE OF MY FRIEND'S GIRLFRIENDS WAS SITTING ON HIS LAP AND TURNED ALL THE WAY AROUND TO LOOK OUT THE WINDOW SO SHE WOULDN'T PUKE WHILE THE REST OF US ENJOYED THE MOVIE. LUCKILY THEY BROKE UP.

Thanks.

Greg Jamioł
363 POPLAR ST.
ROSLINDALE MA
02131-4665

Greg,

At least there was ONE happy ending involved.

Out of the thousands of copies of Nekromantik we have sold over the years, we have actually had surprisingly few letters such as yours.

PSYCHO NUT OF THE MONTH

Gentlemen,

I rented your videos Nekromantik 1 & 2. Unusual yet extremely unique! Within video 2, close friends of mine became excited to see a scene that they received an idea about to add to our movie trivia; The gentleman asleep in the bar meditated his death by 95% of his body being buried underground allowing only his neck and head to remain visible as his mystery date calmly places a box over his head and crushes him with a merciless stomp as well. My friends actually cheered and looked forward to similar scenes throughout the movie and for other videos alike. I would like to request a catalog of videos that gives this precise scene or one that has a woman stepping on anything to crush or kill it.

Samuel Harden

Samuel Harden
Stewart Creek Condominiums
1000-3 Wood Creek Dr.
Fayetteville, NC 28314

Samuel,

When the authorities arrive, don't fight them—it's all for your own good. (And public safety.) Where do your "friends" live?

HANDLEMAN HANDLES IT

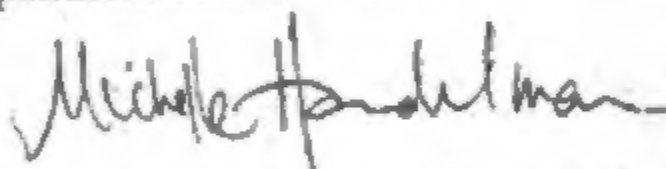
THE LOCH NESS MONSTER LIVES!!

Dear Mr Rae,

Let's get the facts straight: I NEVER SAID THAT I WAS RAPED OR THAT IT WASN'T RAPE BECAUSE I ENJOYED IT. "If you would THINK before opening your mouth and letting your belly rumble..." (quote from *your* letter) you would see that the comments you're referring to are the words of Courtney Winfree, the writer of the article, not mine. If you would actually bother to look at the material yourself you would see that the video never mentions the word "Rape" nor alludes to abusive behavior. Why Courtney interprets it as rape only she can answer.

Maybe you have some rape hang-up...some unfulfilled rape fantasy you're sublimating...maybe you need psychiatric help Mr. Rae...NOT ONLY ARE YOU SUFFERING FROM RAPE FANTASY DENIAL YOU'RE ALSO BELIEVING WHAT YOU READ IN THE PRESS! Gee Mr. Rae, I would think all that Haggis would improve your reading comprehension. So what is sexual abuse...what is consensual behavior...why does one woman see my tape and think rape while 50 other woman see it and think ecstasy? These are the real issues, Mr. Rae, and if you want to discuss them make your own film...I'm not going to sit here and be your whipping post. One can only make judgements based on extensive research and intelligent deduction and you have done neither in reaction to my video, Courtney's article or the subject of rape!

As they say in the biz, "any publicity is good publicity." So thanks for the fan mail Mr. Rae. I must say that it is inspiring to know what a sensitive male viewership Film Threat has...I had no idea that a magazine catering to the sexual depravity and violent urgings in all of us reached such a discriminate target audience. Not bad for a publisher named "Gore."



PS. Thanks to the Film Threat editors who stood by my side. Although you're wrong in trying to analyze my supposed use of the word rape (Because I didn't use it) you stood up for me against the Loch Ness monster and I appreciate that. For your information: I'm not the kind that needs to save face when submitting to an incredibly cute and sexy twenty year old...I'd rather give face. Anytime.



Michelle Handleman

After carefully reviewing both of the videos that Ms. Michelle Handleman sent us and the resulting story we printed in FTVG#9, penned by Ms. Courtney Winfree, I can only come to the conclusion that both Ms. Handleman and Mr. Graham Rae (faithful FTVG contributor turned women's rights activist) have entirely too much free time on their hands. Mr. Rae has misconstrued a point made by Ms. Winfree concerning the term "rape," and Ms. Handleman is possibly guilty only of exploiting the situation for publicity. Judge for yourself by contacting her at PO Box 170415, San Francisco, Ca 94117. Handleman has since sent me a nude photo of herself which I will always cherish, but I'm still beguiled by her offer to "...give face. Anytime."

FTVG ON LINE (HOW GEEKY)

Subj: Film Threat vs, Film Threat
From: I Marks

I don't know about you guys, but I've always like the Film Threat Video Guide better than the regular Film Threat. The thing about either mag is that hardly anyone other than Chris Gore is actually encouraging film freaks (which presumably includes us) to go out and make a movie. The other mags deal with the independent cinema and video are usually of fluffy academic discussions or political posturing. Two things hamper Film Threat, however. First is the amateurish graphic design, which frankly look shitty, and second, the use of the magazine as a sales tool for Film Threat's video distribution arm. I suppose we should be happy that someone, anyone is willing to distribute these films, but how many ads for "Nekromantik" do we have to see? The involvement of a certain principal of Super 8 Sound is also suspect.

I Marks,
Thanks for your criticism, which I found while browsing America On Line. Unlike other indie mags, our art direction is geared primarily toward READABILITY. Perhaps you prefer the artistic (yet impenetrable) design of Raygun? If this is "amateurish" to you, tough! As for our aggressive advertising of the videos we distribute—we will stop advertising for any title that stops selling. In the case of Nekromantik, that means you will be seeing ads for a long time to come. As for the Super8 Sound "principal," you would be referring to Phil Viguant, the president of that company and our executive publisher. Thanks to Phil's business sense, FTVG has survived thus far. So I "suspect" his continued involvement will be welcomed by anyone who enjoys this magazine. For fellow geeks, I can be found through AOL as DWThreat and the FT folder is in "New Hollywood." Post us a note!



DON'T LET MOM READ THIS

CUNT! What is so wrong with the word CUNT? If you replace just one of those tiny letters, you get many words that sound similar and yet are part of everyday vocabulary: Cult, Punt, Hunt. Does anybody scream blue murder when you utter those words? Nooooo! But you could clear a room the size of a coliseum if you call someone a CUNT. In fact, you might well find yourself ostracized from the general populace if you dare call someone a CUNT. Whether or not the name calling is deserved.

Here at the VIDEO GUIDE, we recently came to the obvious conclusion that music videos were one of the few viable outlets for independent filmmakers. Filmmaker Richard Kern said it best when he described music videos as "short experimental films that enable people like myself to earn a living." So, from this issue on, we will be covering the making of such But how do music videos and the fear of the word CUNT become part of the same editorial? Jolly good question.

Recently, I attended a party to celebrate—kind of—the wrap of a music video. A person whom I consider a friend, and still do, was about to tell a little tale that would have put me in a rather awkward position, so I warned her, "Don't be a CUNT." Now you'll notice I didn't actually call this friend a CUNT, but rather I just asked her to refrain from being one. This small, but very important point got very lost very quickly. "What did you call me?!" was the shocked and angry response. If I had said, "Don't be a murderer" or "Don't be a child molester," there would have been no reaction. But surely either of those is far worse than being a CUNT. "I said, don't be a CUNT," I replied politely. Well after the room had completely cleared and I was ordered to the corner like an outcast with a highly contagious disease, I began to realize the power of such language. If only I'd used such aggressive nomenclature the last time the IRS called.

I was driving to work the other day, listening to the radio, and someone used the word DICK. The two wacky DJ's laughed as I'm sure many of their listeners did. Shit, I laughed. Now DICK is a word that refers to the male anatomy. And it's okay, in fact it's downright funny. Just yesterday, someone called me a MOTHERFUCKER. I laughed, heartily. Yet, if you break this word down, it implies that I'm having an incestual relationship with my Mom. Rather sickening, don't you think? And just this morning I was called a PUSSY. (It hasn't been a

good week.) Once again, everyone laughed. If I'm not not mistaken, doesn't pussy refer to the same female body part as CUNT?

I was born and raised in Ireland and people frequently and endearingly call each other CUNT. As in, "What's up, you old CUNT?" We would never, on the other hand, accuse someone of screwing their own flesh and blood. I'm starting to sense a double standard here. And it's not right. CUNT is such a fun word. It can be used as a noun or an adjective just like that other great word, FUCK. As in, "I had a CUNTINGLY good time." Therefore, I am urging, no, pleading, with all readers to start using the word on a daily basis. Please, you bunch of CUNTS!



Dominic Griffin
Executive Editor

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SCAN

A complete guide to the films and videos sent to us that weren't immediately turned into "blanks." See page 33 for our submission form or just send your film to FTVG, PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170. Remember address and phone info!

Edited by Dominic Griffin

TAUROBOLIUM

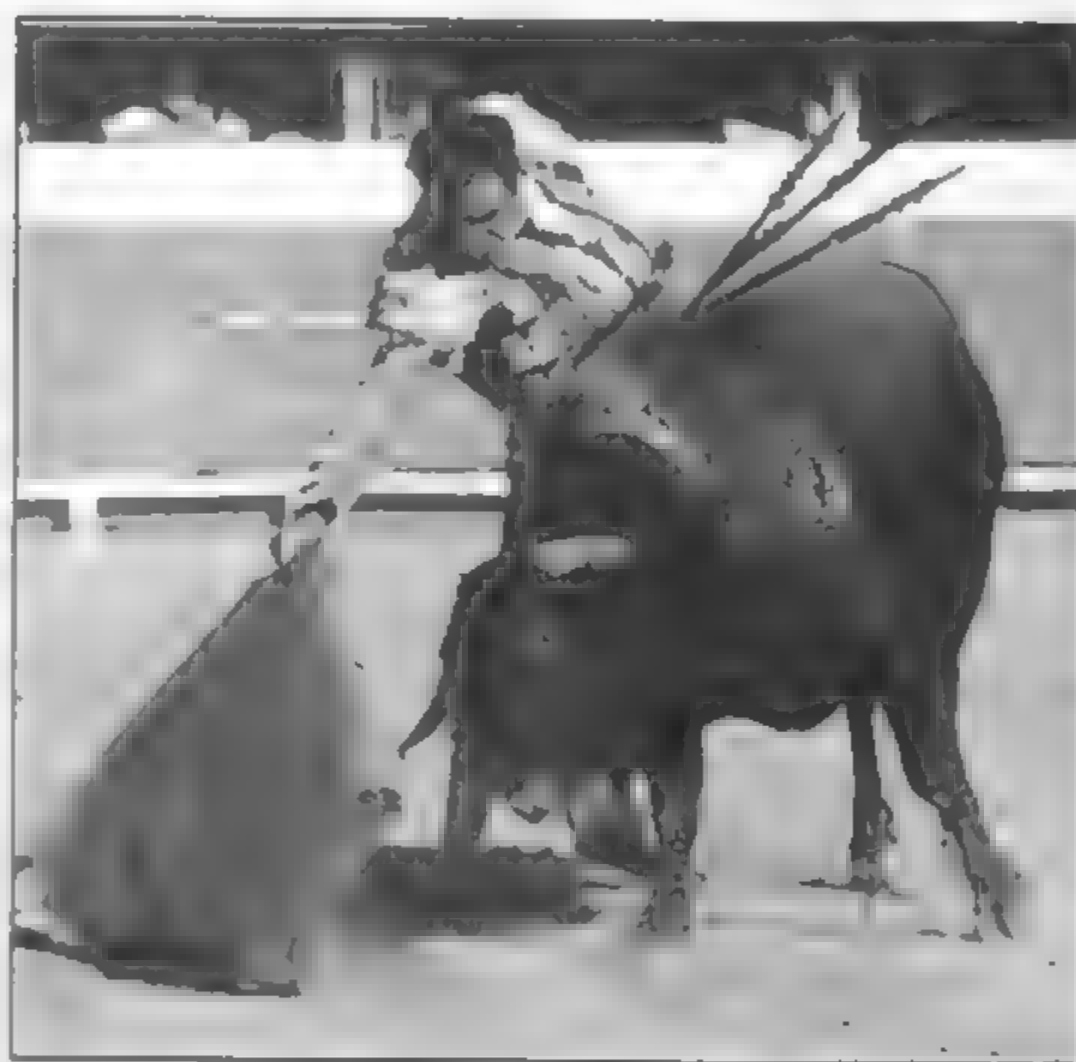
60 min/Video
Wesselmania



Though this Tijuana bullfight documentary gets off to a very slow start, the fierce action and gore more than make up for its initial shortcomings. Filmmaker Larry Wessel has, much to my dismay, captured the true horror of live bullfighting on video—the most dreadful spectacle I have ever had the displeasure of witnessing.

Fairly well-shot and edited, *Taurololium* is a must-see for anyone who enjoys the torturing of animals and the subsequent trampling of small politically and economically disadvantaged Mexican men in cheap gold lamé suits. Just prior to the bullfight, fisticuffs were thrown in the stands. Much like Italians and soccer, Mexicans just can't seem to resist a good brawl at one of their own sporting events. One would think the Third World has given enough to civilization with its generous contribution of famine and pestilence, but alas, Mexicans give until it hurts, and bless us with bullfighting.

Scrawny matadors in tights with bulging piñatas in their groins strut around the ring like



Experience the horrors *con el toro* in *TAUROBOLIUM*.

Ricky Ricardo in a proud, stupid, little *pas de chat*, poking the raging, bleeding, confused bull in the spine with oversized salad forks. Dressed like blind, upper East Side, NYC doormen, three of the Generalissimo Francisco Franco-like contestants get trampled by the dazed bull—much to my delight—though my gut knows the final outcome won't be in the animal's favor. Swords, knives and spears are all plunged into the bull's back until blood runs like a river from its mouth; pour-

ing all over the sandy ground in the dustbowl arena. As the first bull falls, he has a violent seizure; a death rattle as his vital life functions cease. Seven bulls in all are killed; one especially horribly. As he falls and seizes, he rolls onto his side and blood spurts forth from his nostril in *quarts*, pumping out rhythmically with his beating heart. The bull squirms as knives are plunged repeatedly into its brain, scrambling it, like a cheap omelette, to assure his death. Ears are cut off as prizes

and paraded around for the audience to see causing them to cheer fanatically. The victorious matadors are pelted with roses and wineskins. I am revolted by this most horrible Mexican sport.

Wessel's brutally honest camera follows the carcass of one of the bulls as it's dragged away to the slaughterhouse, where it is skinned, and undoubtedly ground up and made into those nasty, greasy orange meat patties you find in school lunchrooms and pizzarias. Sticky, ruby-red syrup drips from the peeled underside of the fatty white hide as it is brutally peeled away. Holes are made in the flesh allowing blood to rush onto the concrete floor and down the drain. The bull is then gutted. Steam wafts from the abdomen as its huge slick, silky white balloon-like stomach pours onto the cement like a raw egg. The slaughterers are speckled with red droplets like insane murderous Jackson Pollock clones. Innards lie in piles on the filthy pavement. The meaty skeleton is then hacked up with machetes, and hung up on thick, nasty steel hooks, the likes of which you only see in *Friday the umpteenth* movies. For years I wondered why a sport as cruel as bullfighting still exists in these "enlightened" times. Having



THE LOSER: A bull gets it in TAUROBOLIUM.

been to Tijuana in 1992, I discovered the reason; there's *nothing else to do* in Mexico except watch bulls die, knit carpets and sit underneath those huge, silly hats all day. As far as the carpets go, there's only so much floor space in the world, and once we run out, that means there's only two things to do in Tijuana; kill bulls or sit under those hats. Once you've killed off all the bulls, there's only the hats, which is why Mexico

isn't exactly a world power. They've all got those big hats covering their eyes, so they can't see. If you can't see, you can't do business with big imperialist world powers. It's true, I read it in the *Village Voice*.

Wessel's film perfectly captures all the vileness of that foul patch of Earth we call Mexico. This is the most savage film I have ever seen, and the most vile example of human behavior I have ever wit-

nessed. A powerful documentary of a brutal tradition in a filthy little Third World shithole. If you have a strong stomach, or enjoy seeing animals tortured to death, or are Mexican, I heartily recommend this film.

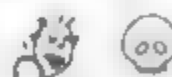
—Scott Russo

P.O. Box 1611, Manhattan Beach, CA 90267-1611 or see ad this issue.

LOST FACE

12 min/16mm

Conquest Pictures



Ferocious yet enthralling would best describe director Rob Fritz's demonstration film *Lost Face*. Made to lure financial support for his forthcoming anthology *Testimony of the Damned*, Fritz has adapted this piece from a Jack London short story.

James Ferrari stars as Jacob,

leader of a ruthless band of fur traders. After killing members of a local Indian tribe, they are captured and one by one, tortured to death. When Jacob's time is at hand, he convinces the local chief (Marvin Burnett), that he knows how to concoct a magic potion that will turn the skin of a man into steel. After negotiating his freedom and the hand of the chief's daughter, in exchange for the magic, Jacob brews the potion and rubs it on his own neck, telling the chief to strike him as proof that the magic will work.

When the chief decapitates Jacob, he realizes that once again the white man has tricked and dishonored him in front of his people.

As a piece of filmmaking, director Fritz (who also wrote and produced the film) has created an extremely professional effort that includes sharp, poignant angles and some fine editing and dialogue. He leaves nothing to



PRESENTED BY

REVIEW SYSTEM

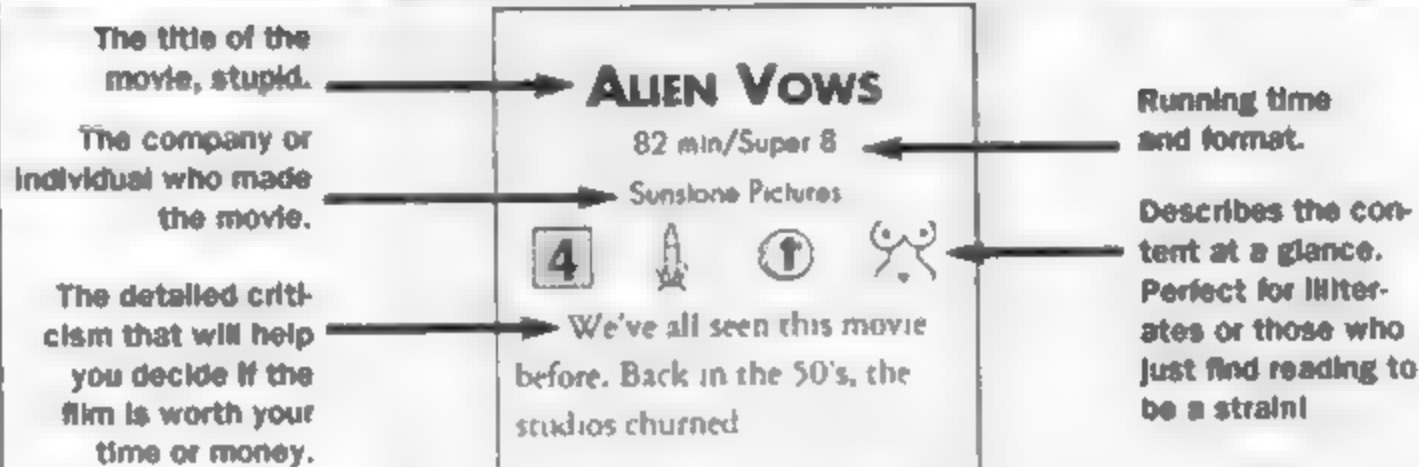
RATINGS

- 10** Perfect! A must for any collection and worth twice the price!
- 9** Excellent. Definitely worth seeing and showing off to friends.
- 8** Great. We're jealous and wish we'd thought of it.
- 7** Very Good. Would get the filmmaker an "A" at U.C.L.A.
- 6** Good. But not "very good." Wait until you have extra cash.
- 5** A few good scenes, but only at the 7-Eleven security-cam level.
- 4** Dull. But almost interesting at scan speed.
- 3** Trance-inducing. Not interesting, even at scan speed.
- 2** Bad. You have a new blank tape for your growing 90210 collection.
- 1** Sucks! No explanation necessary as you have probably gone comatose.

CLASSIFICATIONS

No Budget	Horror	Action	Classic
Low Budget	Nudity	Subversive	Animated
Big Budget	Arty	Surreal	Sci-Fi
Comedy	Music	Documentary	Pop Culture
Drama	Music Video	Instructional	Compilation

READING OUR REVIEWS



chance, as this piece is what he expects will pull in his financial support for *Testimony of the Damned*.

Entertainment-wise, aside from the quick opening sequence, which might confuse the viewer as to who the fur traders are, *Last Place* is a riveting piece to watch. James Ferrari plays the sleazy Jacob so well that we feel like dropping the axe on him personally. Fritz's extras, though working in sub-zero temperatures, all deliver a great deal of enthusiasm, especially in the free-for-all when the tribal warriors are torturing the fur traders.

Though the film is just 12 minutes long, there are a number of good visual effects. A severed finger here, a couple of feet there, not to mention the climactic decapitation. All loaded with ample plasma for that oh-so-red look.

If Fritz can bring his money and additional stories together with equal vigor, *Testimony of the Damned* should be one of the better films to lookout for.

—Jim Bartoo

87 Millville St. Salem, NH
03079

VOODOO SOUP

110 min/Super 8
Home Front Features



This was one strange movie! Not quite a comedy, not quite a horror film, Greg Lewolt's *Voodoo Soup* is an ambitious film that's, unfortunately, a bit confused in more ways than one. The main story, I think, concerns the amoral chef Ralph, The Cook, (Lewolt), who caters to... er, "discriminating" clients. Ralph prefers using human body parts, attained through a variety of nasty deeds by an even wider variety of drugged gorgeous vampires and other villainous sorts, in order to concoct his exotic, cannibalistic

recipes. There are also a few subplots concerning a detective investigating the disappearances and most of the cast eventually turning into vampires or werewolves, but that all came across mostly as filler.

On the plus side, this movie is chock-full of amazingly beautiful women who Lewolt persuaded to reveal their finer points for our viewing pleasure. This thing is bursting at the *boutique* with Playmates, Pets, Bunnies, centerfolds, you name it, they're in it.

Unfortunately, the impact of these visual delights is greatly watered down by a story that seemingly meanders at random from scene to scene to the point of utter confusion and apathy. Basic continuity flaws, a multitude of characters entering and leaving the story at will, and a general disregard for the laws of filmic time and space make the intervals between the skin ripe for the fast-forward button.

—Merle Bertrand

Greg Lewolt, 160 N. Fairview,
Ste 107, Goleta, Ca 93117 or see ad

CYBERTECH

15 min/Video
Toki Productions



When will people learn that sci-fi/futuristic/alien/super-cop vs. super-criminal films are a tough sell even when done by the best? Director Lee Hinton obviously missed that little pearl when he set out to create his painfully dismal piece, *Cybertech*.

Essentially it's a story about a high-tech group of robots, cyberdroids, that become dangerous after achieving self-awareness. Defending humankind is the cybercop Bosch (Todd Martin), a smooth-talking, motorcycle-riding, shoots-only-when-he-gets-within-two-feet-of-his-victims kind of guy.

The plot thickens (to the point of being impossible to swallow) when a cyber-bimbo named Zoe

lifts an important computer disk off a dead man in a railroad yard. Bosch escorts her to the home of her master, a hard-assed woman named Tasha (Kathe Hjar), who chides her for bringing the police to her pad. We are supposed to get nervous when we realize that there are hired goons willing to do anything to get that disk back (gasp!)

From that point, this *Terminator/RoboCop/Blade Runner* wanna-be just gets increasingly worse, with John Woo-esque rejects popping up around every corner to do battle with the accomplished Bosch.

This film has more bad acting and snare dialogue per second than even the worst Steven Seagal atrocity. The greatest example takes place in the opening scene when Bosch first meets Zoe. Upon seeing her walking away from a murdered corpse, he casually asks her, "So what's going on?"

If director Hinton had actually done any of the scenes for humor, it could have been an entirely different film—but the viewer gets the bulk of the laughs simply at the expense of his shortcomings as a filmmaker. The bad guys have all the menace of a mall cop, while Bosch himself looks about as competent as *Duckman*.

The best part of enduring *Cybertech* comes from the realization that the future can't possibly be as stupid as this film would predict. Even so, the 15 minutes wasted on this piece of trash could be better spent trying to



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figure out whether Henry Rollins really is a "Liar."

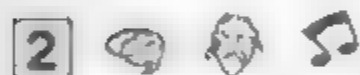
—JB

909 Marina Village Parkway
#497, Alameda, CA 94501

BARRY PAUL

12 min./16mm

Hellin Koy



With the semi-big screen release of *Priscilla Queen of the Desert*, drag seems to be all the rage. I hate to tell all half-assed wanna-be controversial film makers—not every film about a guy who hides his dick between his legs and puts on a dress is interesting. As a matter of fact, this film was so boring, that twelve minutes became an uncertain eter-

nity.

So, I hate to break it to you Hellin, but you really need to take more classes. On documentary film making specifically. Your style is too choppy, and the editing (especially the music editing) creates nothing more than a headache. I realize that this is the first time you have taken on a project of this caliber, but do you really think it is a topic that needs to be dealt with after it has already been beaten to the ground. Also, if you really want some constructive criticism, take some Anthropology classes at Bard because to really be able to elaborate on something unfamiliar to you it would be more interesting if you included a "Rites of Passage" study of these barwanger creatures. One more thing, your lead, and only character is very unamusing and an extremely "drab" queen.

—Drew Stepek

CRUD BUCKET ANTHOLOGY

26 min./16mm

Crud Bucket Films



Small town flavor and a good dose of wry humor are the ingredients that bring to life the unusual pleasure of director Matt Bartel's *Crudbucket Anthology*.

Consisting of three shorts, this

collection shows what a (very) little bit of money and a good sense of silliness can do. The opening piece, *Sweet Corn*, follows the path of a group of local ruffians. Whether they're shaking down people for quarters or stealing pizza right out of the box, Bartel's thugs are overbearingly ludicrous. It is only after they come across a young boy that they decide to change their ways. But alas, by then the entire town would like to dismantle them, which they do.

Crud Boy is by far the most original piece in the collection. Jeff Barratt stars as a lonely man who finds friendship in the form of a life-sized dummy that he wins at the local carnival. The two ride the merry-go-round and the roller coaster together. They go on picnics and leisurely strolls. The rest of the town is less than amused however and promptly lead to *Crud Boy's* untimely end. Maybe it had something to do with his ridiculous face (or perhaps it just seemed like a good idea).

The final installment is the aptly-named *Tough Skin*, the story of a mean skinhead (Dave Schall) who learns how to love at the hands of a beautiful woman. Then he learns that even beautiful women can get pissed off! He has to choose between his new found emotions of happiness and the familiar course of violence with his other street thugs. The bubblegum-chewing climax is worth the price of the tape alone.

Director Bartel seems to be quite apt when it comes to creating an implausible scene that doesn't appear that way on the surface. The action tells us that this situation is absurd yet his set-ups are quite impressive. He has a good sense of cinematography that can only improve with time and money.

Though all three of the films have similar plots, it is really the mood that Bartel captures with his 16mm black and white images that makes everything work.

With only a lazy guitar and some classical music to drive the stories, the viewer starts to take in some of the more subtle nuances. Though costing only \$400, Bartel shows that imagination is worth more than high tech when it comes to story-telling.

—JB

5401 Wellesly Ave., N Olmsted,
Ohio, 44070

THE SCREAMING CHIGGER PRODUCTION

24 min./16mm/Color/B&W

Screaming Chigger Productions



From the moment I saw the crisp titling and heard the cool opening score, I knew this video was special. A collection of three separate short films, *The Screaming Chigger Production* will keep you laughing throughout. The second and longest of the shorts is a pseudo avant garde/documentary about two characters, Avant Garcon and Parsley Van Mace, played by Glenn Picarra and John Requa. Beautifully shot and edited (as is the entire tape), this black & white masterpiece has the two aforementioned characters spouting bizarre, nonsensical, humorous, rhyming poetry while standing in a field like a Calvin Klein commercial gone awry or something *Saturday Night Live* could have done (or should have done) if the cast was talented, cool and had a sense of humor instead of being a pack of pussies with a bloated, poorly spent budget. The pinnacle of the piece was a brilliant poem about Anthony Newly simply called, *Newly*, in which poet Avant Garcon staggers across the field into view—his arm hap-hazardly tied off with a rubber tourniquet—vomits all over himself, forces out the words, "Anthony Newly..." and passes out. Genius. Pure and simple. (I'd love to see what these guys could do with Carol Channing.) The film then turns into a documentary



BARRY PAUL: No one is crying about this game.

IN PRINT

Zine reviews by
Dominic Griffin



HYPNO

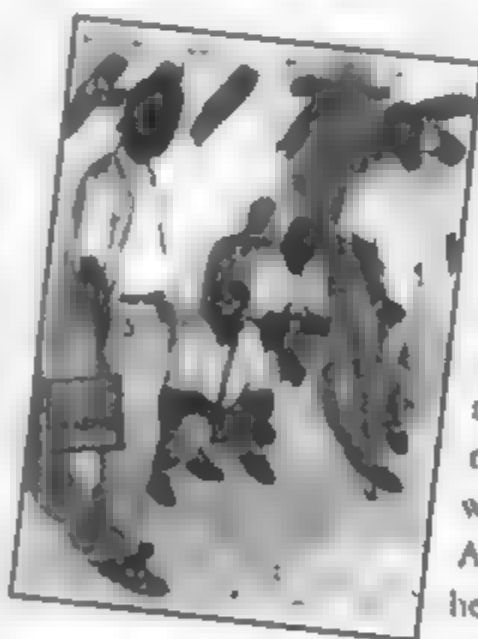
Hypno Industries, 624 Broadway
3rd Fl., San Diego, CA 92101

A big, bright, colorful book that covers a younger lifestyle, *Hypno* has been around for a couple of years now with their skewered coverage of film, art, music and film. Always looking for a different angle, the nationally distributed mag scored a coup earlier in the year by scoring interviews with all members of Perry

Farrell's first band, Psi-Corn. They were also the first national to interview current punk heroes, Green Day, when they signed their major label deal.

Their current issue has features on comic artist Frank Miller, The Specials and *Love & A .45* but perhaps the most enlightening piece involves the band Korn. Group spokesman Jonathan Davis spills the beans on his time spent performing autopsies and how he once uncovered a dildo strategically placed in a stiff.

Available at most newsstands, *Hypno* alerts its readers to much without taking trendy *hipness* and ad revenue into consideration. But most importantly, they write really nice things about FTVG.



HITS

14958 Ventura Blvd.,
Sherman Oaks, CA 91403

This one was a surprise. If you're lucky, you may find a channel on your cable system called E!, a network that solely reports on the entertainment business. Anyway, a chap by the name of David Adelson is their music reporter and he seems to have found himself a second job acting as a managing editor at *Hits* fanzine, where the main focus is radio and music.

While not a very interesting subject, some of the editorial is often humorous and they do manage to use some color in their layout, though most of it is B&W.

One of the mag's big drawbacks is its lack of substantial editorial. However, Adelson assures FTVG that as soon as their writers become more experienced, he will allow them more freedom. The only other problem is they put a band on the cover but there's no story contained inside. Bit of a cheap selling ploy. Write the above address to Joe Fleischer for a copy.



TEENAGE RAMPAGE

P.O. Box 6052, St. Louis,
MO 63139-0052

Subtitled "The Teenage Exploitation Video Guide," *Teenage Rampage* is a hysterical look at bad movies we've all seen. A xeroxed newsletter, it features *Rock'n'Roll High School*-era Ramones in a scene from flick on the cover and a ton of cheesy movie reviews inside. You want to know

what Corey Haim has been up to lately, well this 'zine has a shearing review of his latest direct-to-video flick, *Just One Of The Girls*.

As the reviewer points out, it lifts its plot and title from a far superior flick, *Just One Of The Guys*.

You'd expect the entire publication to have its tongue planted firmly in its cheek but that wouldn't make for an effective read after two articles. Instead, publisher Rich Osmond takes this subject seriously—which is part of the mag's charm.

The information regarding teenage actors contained within is both comprehensive and downright hysterical. Remember the girl from that ridiculous TV show *Out Of This World*? Her name is Maureen Flanagan and while many thought she had left Hollywood for good, *Teenage Rampage* has located a pair of teenage-exploitation flicks in which she stars. Plenty of good investigative journalism here.

There's even a comprehensive Q&A with *R'n'R High School* director Allan Arkush where he looks back at his classic film.



SPAZZ

P.O. Box 754, Reseda, CA
91337

Sensing a void in 'zine-land, partners Brandon Phillips and Paula Hess have been publishing and polishing *Spazz* for the past 2 years. Although it features your typical record and indie video reviews plus features and Q&A's with 'not yet famous but we will be soon' musicians,

Spazz's specialty and uniqueness lies in showcasing the funny and subversive work of unpublished comic strip artists. Issue 13 features 7 different comic but one of the funnier pieces in the mag is "The World According To Rush Limbaugh," which quotes the pudgy fascist...er, I mean Republican, and then counters his half-truths with the facts. Sample: RUSH—"Women were doing quite well in this country before feminism came along." REALITY—Before feminism came along, women couldn't even vote.

Another plus for *Spazz* is, it actually runs negative record reviews, which is a rare thing for any a fanzine that is half-supported by recording company advertising.

STILL FRAME

In Jim Exton's Super 8 feature *Black Heart*, trouble soon arises as a female hitchhiker is picked up by a shades-sporting nutcase who boasts a penchant for offing, well, you guessed it—female hitchhikers. Actually, the real trouble arose the moment I realized *Black Heart* would be yet another psycho killer flick with lots of naked girls and *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer* pretensions. Oh, okay, it was about the exact *same* moment. Though replete with far too much "real-time," Exton's efforts actually pay off to some degree with a couple instances of decent teen thesping and a well-done, moody soundtrack. Boasting such supposedly witty lines as "That girl's tits are big enough to inspire any man to milk the bone," *Black Heart* was obviously a labor of love—too bad the pacing is so deadly dull.

While this column usually offers a frame sequence from a truly unusual or interesting scene, I thought it might make more of an impression on some readers if we took the time to diagram a particularly boring one—like almost any scene in *Black Heart*. Shot, reverse shot. Shot, reverse shot. *Boring!* By the way, Jim, fifth generation, time-coded screeners are really annoying.

—David E. Williams

200 Seven Oaks Rd., Apt 20-A, Durham, NC 27704



① The droning psycho prepares to bore another lassie to death.



② The youthful target of his lack of predatory enthusiasm.



③ He continues to stare at her. (Yawn!)

with host Scott Felding, who interviews Garçon and Van Mace in their old age as they show off their respective urine stained pants and colostomy bag. (I love colostomy bags; I used to work in a hospital and some guy once walked up to me, lifted his shirt and showed me his colostomy bag in action as his body was taking a dump right into it. It was quite charming).

The final piece is both bizarre and hysterical with John Requa as a father/husband. He is watching television with his wife and son. Calmly, almost humorously he leans over toward his son and with a sly grin, tells him to pull his finger. The child refuses. The tension builds as Requa becomes angrier and angrier, eventually screaming with a Sam Kinison-like vengeance, "Pull my finger! Pull it! Pull it!" He freaks out, chasing his son, kicking down doors and walls to try to get his finger pulled. The grand finale takes place in the crapper where mom comes to the rescue. This is a must see and also a featured short on FILM THREAT VIDEO's *Best of the New York Underground Year One*.

This compilation of films was one of the most enjoyable I have ever seen, infinitely more original and creative than anything that crawls sickly out of Hollywood's hemorrhoidal bunghole. The more vapid big budget films like *Forrest Gump* I see, the more I am able to appreciate the talent and hard work that goes into a video like *The Screaming Chigger Production*. In a film industry where a mediocre actor like Tom Hanks playing a retard is thought of as the height of quality, (I'm sure Paramount could have gotten a real retard to play the role for half the price and isn't it a terrible crime that Hanks will be nominated for an award for this role and "Corky," the real life retard from *Life Goes On* plods on undecorated? There is no justice I tell you.) It's difficult for me to imagine where John Requa and Glenn Ficarra will find a welcome and comfortable outlet for their obvious talent. I'm sure they'll have a long and tedious future of being creatively stymied by ugly bald men in cheap suits.

—SR

Screaming Chigger Prods., 4204

Camera LA CA 90027.

Also available on the FTV title *Best Of New York Underground Film & Video Festival Year One*.

BLINDED BY THE BLOOD: THE MAKING OF KILLING SPREE & WICKED GAMES

115 min/Video & 16mm

Twisted Illusions Inc.



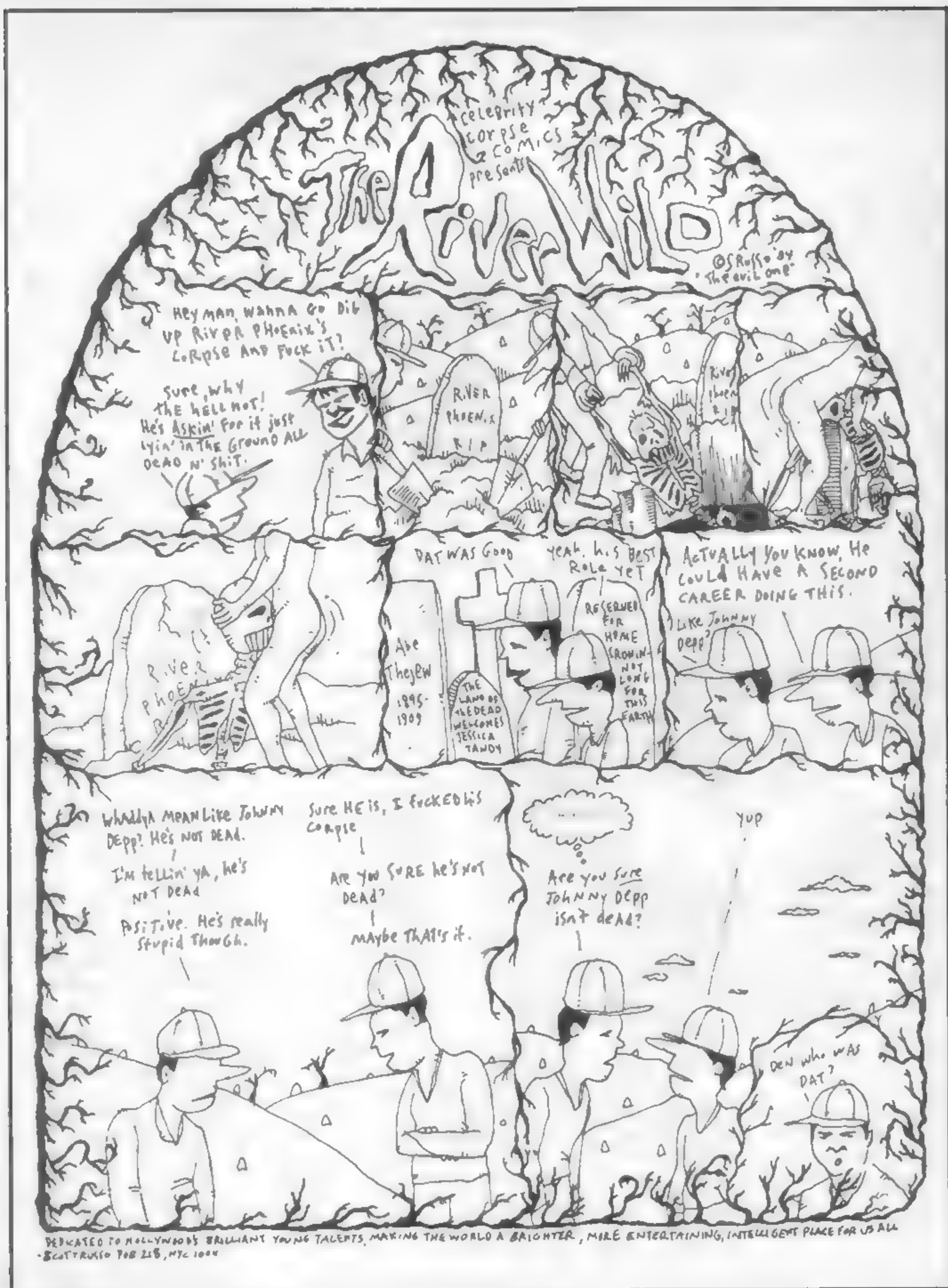
For years, the behind-the-scenes documentary has served as both a shameless promotional tool and a how-they-did-it piece for film buffs of all denominations. Palm Beach schlock-maker Tim Ritter is hoping that even his form of low budget entertainment can benefit from this vehicle. His new documentary *Blinded by the Blood: The Making of Killing Spree and Wicked Games* is the no-bucks approach to showing the pros and cons of horror filmmaking.

Pieced together with news reports, casting calls and the inevitable filming of Ritter's various films, it is quite thorough. The viewer gets a realistic idea of how brutal the (really) independent film business is. Rejection by actresses, distributor's and mainstream society are all part of the mix.

While there is a great deal of information about Ritter's films and how they are made, there is no fluidity to the way they are put together. A lot of footage was shot, and Ritter makes damn sure that it all makes his final cut.

What does work however is the reality of his projects. Anyone can make fun of his time consuming sequences that explain how already cheesy shots are made. Yet, he endears himself by the very dedication he has in seeing his films through. It is a lesson that most young (unconnected) filmmakers have to learn, and seeing someone persevering in the face of menacing odds is enough to prove that it can be done.

The other group of people that may find some redemption in *Blinded* are the hard-core gore fanatics. Even though the effects are less than spectacular, a blow-by-blow account of the blood letting should be enough to keep



MY FIRST FILM

Filmmaker Adam Stradlin on his *THE COP WHO WOULDN'T DIE*: the making of a would-be modern epic.

1 991 WAS MY SENIOR YEAR AT Berkeley High School, and for the Spring semester I was enrolled in a class called World Of Media. We were to be graded by writing papers about the chapters in our textbook. Well being the slacker that I am, I did none of them. Instead spending the whole time scripting my movie, which would be turned in as my final.

At the time I worked at Comics and Comix on Telegraph Avenue and there that I became interested in the comic *Hardboiled*, written by Frank Miller, and superbly illustrated by Geoff Darrow. I hadn't enjoyed comic art so much since *Harry Potter* or *Cherry Pop-Tart*. So, with the help of my co-workers (Ryan Rowdy, Alan "Denzel" Washington, Big Mike "You should see me in spandex" McGoon, and Donna Lee Jones), I came up with a short summary: I wanted to mix the intensity *Blade Runner*, with the cheesiness of *The Six Million Dollar Man*.

I want to blow people away, so I made it my goal to get as creatively gross and disgusting as possible. You could say I wanted to shock my dumb teacher into giving me an A. She did mention that the constant spitting of blood, a license plate lodged in the cranium, and being impaled by a parking meter was over the line for high school, but I honestly didn't care.

I had the biggest attitude. I thought, at seventeen, I was the second coming of Scorsese. I

thought I was so cool because nobody else had heard of Stanley Kubrick, John Woo or Ridley Scott.

Of course, all my friends wanted to be in it, so I wrote them all cool parts. My best friend Chris wanted to play an Al Pacino-Scarface-type role so I made him Puta El Montaban, a retarded Puerto Rican drug dealer with terrets syndrome. Unfortunately Chris was about as good an actor as Herve Villechaz so I killed him off quick. There was actually a really funny scene, which I had to cut out, about how the cop finds out that ten years previously, Puta had the cop's pet monkey Chi Chi assassinated by the Polish mafia. When he killed Puta he stuck a picture of the monkey to his face, and as he shot him again he said, "This is for ChiChi."

Now of course I had to put my really hot looking girlfriend in the movie. No film is complete without a fine woman to keep the guy's attention. She's the blond with blood all over her face. Boy, was she a fun girl, I feel bad that her part was so small. (She actually felt the same way about your part!—Ed) I wanted to go into a *La Femme Nikita*-type thing with her hunting me down in the sewers wearing some tight slinky dress. I really go for that cheesy action shit if it's done right.

The whole idea of the white Australian dreadlocked



Violence and guns galore are the badge of honor for Stradlin's low-budget *Cop*.

gangster, Saucy De Mambone Bumba Rosta Bumba Clock, was mine from the beginning. I was really flattered

when Quentin Tarantino wrote that type of character into *True Romance*. The part was played by my friend Nick. His giggly sidekick, Tone-Def Action Vanilla T, was played by my best buddy, Bill Williams. I always give him shit about his first name being the same as his last. What were his parents' thinking? He's currently working on his own movie about a



day in the life of two Amish drug dealing pimps. It's working title is *Raging Matzo Bull: The Sleazy Adventures of Yankel and Moishe Rosenbaum*.

One of the biggest audience pleasers is the exploding blood from the chest effect. Everyone always asks how I did it? Well I'll tell you, it was pure stupidity. I filled a zip-lock bag with Kayro syrup and red food coloring, then duct taped it to my bare chest. When it comes to making movies, I totally disregard my own safety. I then stuck about eight firecrackers to the bag, buttoned my shirt over it, and lit it! Isn't that cool, instant chest explosion. Strangely enough, I never felt any pain. And I tried it four times. My mom really got worried though. I'm glad I didn't tell her I stuck all the broken glass, nuts and bolts, and even used crazy glue to stick a little Transformer toy onto my face. After about forty minutes my eyes would start to sting and get all watery while my skin got red and irritated. Damn, it sure looked good on film, but it wasn't a smart thing to do. All in all, it turned out, pretty cool though. I'm sure now you want to run out and buy a copy.

Unfortunately I don't think I have enough money to duplicate any.

If you want to actually see Stradlin's flick (or simply debate him) write to FTVG.

the murder-moguls on the edge of their couch screaming for more.

Should Ritter put out more work, it will be interesting to see how his process changes with these films behind him. His persistence has pushed him this far, only time will tell if his filmmaking can take him further.

—JB

SHREDDER ORPHEUS

88 min/35mm

Image Networks Inc.



Finally, a movie that I was so embarrassed to watch that I shoved every piece of silverware that I own in my cornhole. Director, producer, and star Robert McGinley should realize that if this trash took three years to make, he has a problem in time and space that I cannot explain.

The story revolves around some loser, Orpheus, a thirty-plus skateboarder, who thinks he is the head of some rad band. Realistically, this band is about as talented as Jesus Jones with the look of Testament. The rubular Orpheus plays his mythical guitar (Get it, the "mythical god," yeah I think it is sophomoric as well)—that looks like a left over prop from the *Back Rogers* television show. The plot gets really mysterious when the devil and his silly buddies decide to start a late night TV station. Let me tell you what I know from my personal experience dabbling in black magic—if the devil even bothered to start a TV station, he would at least have higher production values than QVC. I hate to seem rude, but even for less than \$300,000, this film sucks ass. The only thing that could possibly have made this film worse would have been if Glen Danzig played Lucifer's personal destruction machine. Being from the former great city of Baltimore, I am humiliated to know that it won first prize at Balti-

more's Film Festival. In one simple sentence, I would rather extract an acorn out of a dead squirrel's ass by sucking it through a straw, than watch this shit again.

—DS

FAVORITE MOPAR

48 min/16mm
Wild Motor Films



Drag racing has shared a special place in Americana over the last 30-years. Most people growing up either raced or dreamed of it at some point. Director Addison Cook's fascination with the mighty Chrysler muscle cars, or Mopars, that were so much a part of this sub-culture, are the focus of his mildly enjoyable documentary *Favorite Mopar*.

Shot in New Jersey, Cook's piece strings together interviews with the almost cult-like Mopar aficionados. The thread that ties the fairly diverse crowd is their love of these old Chryslers. Men, women and children spout off about how racing or simply owning one of these monsters, has changed their lives (presumably for the better). There are plenty of long panning shots of rebuilt Roadrunners, Dusters and 'Cudas, but the sentiments that keep filtering through the interviews are essentially the same: Chrysler's rule, I love my car, and screw everything else.

The real drawback to *Mopar* comes in the fact that documentaries are supposed to be geared mostly towards people who are unfamiliar with the subject matter. The die-hard Mopar freaks know all about the cars' heritage. The uninformed viewer however, gets a small dose of Chrysler's history, and shot after shot of people posing in front of their wheels.

In this vein, *Favorite Mopar* can only be strongly recommended to the die-hard Chrysler/racing fan. The rest of us will feel like their brain is about to overheat.

—JB

(Being an armchair car geek, I found *Mopar* to be far more enjoyable than Jim did and would give it a firm B rating—JEW)

182 DeKalb Ave. #03, Brooklyn
NY 11205

THE MAGIC OF FEMALE EJACULATION/HOW TO FIND YOUR GODDESS SPOT

60 min/Video
House O' Chicks



What can a person do when even a John Tesh/Connie Selleca infomercial can't get the juices flowing in a relationship? Apparently plenty, as fully demonstrated in this pair of instructional sex tapes by Dorrie Lane. Both *How to Find Your Goddess Spot* and *The Magic of Female Ejaculation* score big points for treading on ground that is rarely examined outside the bedroom.

Sorry porn fans, there are no cameos by Ron Jeremy or Jaime Gillis. Lane is far more content to present practical information that covers everything from precise locations of the most intimate female components, to the techniques that will have her actually satisfied! And though graphic at times, there is never a feeling of exploitation or gratuitousness.

Magic is devoted primarily to dispelling the myths surrounding female ejaculation—i.e. once and for all, the woman is not pissing. (Yeah right!—Ed) From historical references dating back thousands of years, Lane explains how it is only in modern times that women have been repressed to the point that most don't even know such a thing is possible. She demonstrates the how's and why's proving that she can practices what she preaches.

The more detailed of the two however is *How to Find Your Goddess Spot*. Using detailed diagrams and her thoroughly entertaining (while informative) maps

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to the wondrous vulva, Lane comments on virtually all aspects of female arousal, choice locations to visit and the omnipresent enigma that is the G-Spot.

Interestingly, the G-Spot is stimulated far less by the more traditional "roads." Be cautioned however, the anus is a private path that requires permission to travel.

Lane concludes with a step-by-step demonstration of all the roads covered in her lecture, leaving no doubt that female ejaculation is alive and well. And to shut up any nay-sayers, she lets a sanitary gloved assistant perform many of the same techniques on her with equally impressive results.

Without question, the time is ripe for a feminist look at how to please a woman. Too many men have taken shots at it (and most of them still don't believe a woman can ejaculate!). Dorrie Lane on the other hand actually hits her mark.

—Jennifer Lockwood

2215-R Market Street #813, SF,
CA 94114 (Also see feature on page
72 of this ish.)

I'M A GRRRL

13 min/Super8/B&W
Guilty Film Productions



Forget all the videos of tits and ass that portray women as objects with no brains, women whose only desire in life is to please men. In *I'm a Grrrl* we get to see what women are really like—goddesses meant to be worshiped!

This video opens with a '50s style rock 'n roll song called "All Women Are Bad," while a hauntingly seductive woman masturbates with a phone receiver. Women adorned in black skirts with white scarves about their head and chests run through the streets in unison. They resemble



Karen Brener

Creator of I'm A Grarl and Our Ladies, Bynke M. Duchin poses with her pair of Super 8's.

ghostlike nuns (except for their dark lipstick, eye shadow and cat-rooms) and storm through a building where they appear to go to pray, but when they look up, lo and behold are a group of men in suits holding a sign. The ladies proceed to make cartoon like faces at the men, a very bizarre effect done with stop-motion technique. They seductively sing a song, like sirens trying to lure men into compromising situations. The song changes to "What's Inside A Girl." The men are enchanted and hold up the sign that says BEAUTIFUL as though they are judging a contest. To show their appreciation the winners lift up their skirts, yank out their tampons and dangle them like prizes, causing the blood to ooze out onto the floor and splatter their black shoes with the goopy substance.

Filmed in glorious black and white, this video has the feel of an early silent film, where the women were exquisite with dark make-up and white faces (Lillian

Gish style). The only difference is the women in the '20s were dainty and did not bleed or masturbate on film. Through the use of stop-motion the women look like puppets, hanging in mid-air behind a black background (possibly a metaphor for man's continuing dominance over womankind). The men approach, and they do a choreographed "dance" around each other without touching. The film ends with the women circling the men, the sirens having succeeded in luring the men into a potentially dangerous situation through song and dance. Yet another highlight of the film occurs during the ending credits: the women leak a spot of blood on white paper and the blood transforms into the name of the actress. Just like magic!

—JL

• Vesterbrogade 24, DK-1620
Copenhagen V, Denmark

OUR LADIES

10 min/Super 8/8&W
Guilty Film Productions



Picture this: A voluptuous Amazon Warrior Woman appears over the crest of the mountain, two ladies by her side donning the flags of their tribe. In the background, we hear epic music that sounds like it came straight out of Charlton Heston's *El Cid*. As she comes closer we see that one of her colossal breasts is protruding from her costume. She points in the direction of her enemy off in the distance, where we see an alluring, androgynous looking creature dressed in white running as fast as she can to save herself. She falls and is captured. As she awaits her torture the bloodthirsty goddess lifts her skirt to wield her dangerous weapon: a tampon. She abruptly flings it out of her vagina, only to maliciously insert it into the vagina of her victim, legs spread open by the wanton flag wielders. Clutched in the fearless warrior's hand is a hazardous Bic lighter which she wickedly uses to light the tampon's fuse. The End.

Our Ladies resembles a dramatic silent film, which clearly seems to be Bynke M. Duchin's style. It is a parody on the old (now colorized) war epics, where the men were mighty warriors (um, did I say that?) and the women were either damsels in distress or prizes to be won. *Our Ladies* has a brightly illuminated, cloudy look to it like the films of that era. The movements and facial expressions of the actors are exaggerated to compensate for the lack of dialogue as in the early silent films, and, as in the classics, the bad guy (or shall we say, bad girl) wears black. The only element we are missing here is the hero in white to rescue the damsel in distress. Or are we? The final scene shows our damsel with the words "Thank You" scrawled across her forehead in blood, so maybe she did not want to be saved after all.

JL

Vesterbrogade 24, DK-1620
Copenhagen V, Denmark

TEN MONOLOGUES FROM THE LIVES OF THE SERIAL KILLERS

50 min/35mm

Searching Zapruder



For all you sick puppies out there who love to probe the twisted minds of serial killers, you're better off sticking with *Geraldo*. Although labeled as *Ten Monologues From The Lives Of The Serial Killers*, the title is misleading. Visually this video consists of actors flarfy reciting "monologues," actors sitting there looking disturbed, actors standing in front of the mirror and looking disturbed, etc. (the key term here being over acting.)

Director Ian Kirkhof stylishly offers police interviews with famous psychos, a few poems featuring J.G. Ballard, and one song from the Gero Boys (they could have at least used music from Snoop Doggy Dog if they wanted real murder rap). This one should have been put out on audiotape, because the images just don't add much. Oftentimes it was like watching a bad play and wanting to leave during intermission. The inclusion of a diary entry written by Henry Rollins is baffling, he may be an ex-posee-cum-MTV-sports-VJ, but a serial killer?

This video wasn't all bad but searching for its good points was like digging for the prize at the bottom of a neverendingly huge box of cereal. The fourth monologue, "Childhood," powerfully describes the emotional impact of sexual abuse from a child's point of view, and offers a graphic depiction of the subsequent discovery of the father's suicide (coupled with a happy family's home movie footage, it was rather disturbing). "Prison Years And After," a written by Chuck Man-

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son, might have been good if it wasn't for the bad acting and poor camera work. The sixth entry, "Pornography," used the final interview of Ted Bundy in which he blames porn for his crimes. The image of a hairy dude jacking off his half limp dick with a woman in bondage projected on him is enough to make your stomach churn.

If you love "arty" movies about serial killers with a "theatrical" edge, this is the video for you (in other words, it won't make you afraid to ever leave your house again).

—JL

NFM/IAP, Vondelpark 3, 1071
AA Amsterdam, Netherlands
Or fax at 020-6720137

SAMIZDAT

45 min/Video
Samizdat Video



If only one word could be used to describe *Samizdat* it would be WHY? Why was it made and why am I watching it?

The only redeeming thing about this video was the packaging. Upon closer observation, we noticed it was a medical specimen bag. After viewing, we very carefully placed the video back in its bag and intend to dispose of it at the nearest toxic dump site.

We guess *Samizdat* is intended to be a video sampler, a cross section of videos that are for sale. If this is the case, they need a "faith healer" as much as the characters in their first short, *Miracle Healing Crusade*.

The second short, *To Ween in Las Vegas* looked like a cheap rock video, but was about a punk rock groupie who wants to have a member of the band autograph his penis. Why? Is this the only way he can get his weenie

whacked? Where exactly this short ends and *Holes at Huntridge* begins is unclear. All of the shorts run together and have a main theme of punk rock groupies playing with themselves.

What can be said about *Paranoia*: By this time we were in a coma. There wasn't much dialogue and it looked like it was made from a bug's perspective.

We did come out of the coma in time to see a man in hole-ridden underwear fondling himself and raw meat. Is this where the expression "beat the meat" comes from or was the main character in *Tender Undercoming* trying to tenderize the main course for his dinner?

How would we categorize this video, documentary, compilation, music video...oh, toxic waste! He gives it a two, she gives it a zero, does that mean it averages out to one?

—Harry & Cheryl

PO Box 27895 Las Vegas,

NV 89102

(Welcome to the reviewing of our new husband/wife team. Henry and Cheryl Uyebara.—Ed)

CREEP

35 min/35mm
Sinister Cinema



For once, it was nice to watch a film by a person who knows what they're doing. The lighting was great. The camera work was great. The sound track was great. To top it all off, it was in Dolby Stereo and letterboxed. The film was done in 35mm and cost approximately \$20,000 (Canadian) to produce.

Our first thought was that this was the usual story of boy meets girl. Boy, we were wrong. Boy and girl meet at a nightclub. Girl goes to boy's apartment for fun and games. After they watch each other undress, they come together for what we believe to be typical

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foreplay...until the girl reaches for her handbag...and things start to get kinky. What does she have in there, we wonder? Handcuffs! Boy likes it. Girl likes it. Girl reaches again for her handbag. What's next? A knife, as big as Rambo's! Boy panics. Girl smiles. Boy thinks he has met Lorena Bobbitt. Girl uses knife to caress boy's body. Boy relaxes. Girl kisses knife and fondles it with her mouth. Boy is very interested. Instead of the usual sexual climax, she stabs herself to a bloody orgasm, "coming" blood all over the boy and the boy's room.

A very sensual and unusual film indeed. Director Julian Grant does a commendable job at deftly getting the actors to express simultaneous contradictions such as fear and arousal, caring and repulsion, jealousy and contempt.

Thesping and soundtrack did a terrific job creating sensations of apprehension, safety, suspense, etc. This was very important considering there was virtually no dialogue. The only dialogue: "I need you," he says. "I love you," she replies in French.

H&C.

1227 Shaw St. Toronto, Ont.,
Canada M6G 3A6

SHOPPING FOR 78s

23 min/16mm
USD Productions



If this isn't a testament to one filmmaker's pathetic life, then I don't know what is. Old 78-speed vinyl albums and marijuana are the inspiration for Jeff Valencia's boring semi-documentary about his passion for vintage record collecting. For some reason he is really convinced other people will be as excited as he is about cruising thrift stores every Saturday afternoon looking for records. In his cover letter he writes "Make me a star!" does he really think a three minute (at least) montage of his 40's favorite album covers is going to captivate a producer into

hiring him to direct the sequel to *Dazed and Confused*? Also, the constant flipping from the topic of reefer to records, reefer to records, really bothered me. He didn't establish any coherent correlation between the two. I saw it as one film that should have been made into two. A previous film of his, *Squish*, was nominated for an Academy Award, so I really expected this to be good. I think his whole point was to make the audience feel the exhilaration of collecting 78's and smoking pot, as he does. The problem is it isn't done in a creative way that draws the audience in wanting more. By the end you're glad it's over, but, to be totally honest...you crave a fat bong load.

—Adam Stradlin

PO Box 946 Bellflower, CA
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TEXAS ROAD

20 min/16mm/B&W
Wild Motor Films



Was this movie supposed to be stupid or just an accurate representation of southern hillbilly life? The story revolves around two in-breds who scrape up road-kill on the side of the road. Their blond sister is attracted to their boss—the guy who buys the flattened dogs, squirrels, etc.

Boy, do the sparks really start to fly when the two idiot good old boys see them getting together in a car. This epic ends with a really dumb gun fight and those darn hillbillies gettin' away with their precious roadkill. I can't begin to tell you how horrible this movie was. The acting was appalling, and one of the hillbillies looked like a high class stockbroker. I recommend director Addison Cook (See previous review for his documentary *Favorite Mopar and feature on P. 60*) watch *Deliverance* a few more times before he makes the sequel. Watching *Texas Road* makes me think *The Duke of Hazard* was genius.

It turns out, the story didn't hold my interest at all. Shot in grainy black and white, the only redeeming quality this film had was its soundtrack—heavy, groovy guitar, reminiscent of an old '50s biker movie.

—AS

182 Dekalb Ave. #03, Brooklyn,
NY 11205

RED EYES

90 min/Super 8 & 16mm
Three AM Films



"In fierce competition for home entertainment dollars the Viddy-Oh! Corporation markets the Vid-Visor. To insure profits, a trance-inducing microchip, the Motivator, is hidden inside the coin-operated device. The designers greatly underestimate the power of the Hypnovision effect"...blah, blah, blah. This wedge of Wisconsin schlock is yet another *Tales from the Crypt*-like anthology of four short stories strung together by the above-quoted premise. A white trash doofus rents a pair of ridiculous-looking welder's goggles and goes nuts, killing a passing priest, the pizza guy, and the gang down at the bowling alley for quarters to keep his frail little brain entertained. Christ, what's wrong with looking under a fuckin' sofa cushion? Finally, Violent Femmes bassist Brian Ritchie, playing a mercifully mute cyborg, shows up and uses Mr. Cranky's head for a bowling ball. Hey, pretty ingenious stuff, huh? No, it's not, and neither are the four segments which we are supposed to believe are worth twenty-five cents in the first place. They feature, in chronological order: WWII corpses fighting it out in a lake, a family (I swear to God I'm not making this up) driving around for eternity because they're afraid of inaction, an old movie theater that literally holds people captive, and a metalhead with a Frederick's of Hollywood wig beating the shit out of a Walking



RED EYES: Classy, pool cues in the neck sorta stuff.

Wendy Betsey Wetse: 'oll. Actually, that last one sounds kind of entertaining. Maybe I'll watch it again.

—Jay Hollinsworth

PO Box 450 Fremont, WI
54940

THE WOLFMAN OF ALCATRAZ

78 miserable min./Crappy Video
Real-E Studios/Horo-Bull Productions



Just over a year ago, I reviewed a taped called *Alien Beasts* which was the worst thing I had ever seen committed to videotape.

Not anymore.

My wife suggested that I give this tape a 1 rating with the review reading, "Never mind." Since our review policy won't allow such brevity, however truthful, that won't do.

Her second suggestion was to just look up the word "bad" in the thesaurus and simply write down all its synonyms. Again, accurate, but not very informative. So, I'm left with the dilemma of trying to explain exactly why this was the (new) worst piece of shit I've ever seen. Not an easy task, as this turd has to be seen to be believed, but, I'll try.

The main character has discovered an amulet which is turning

REVIEW SPOTLIGHT

BIGFOOT: THE SEARCH FOR SASQUATCH

15min/16mm

Matt Van Wagenen

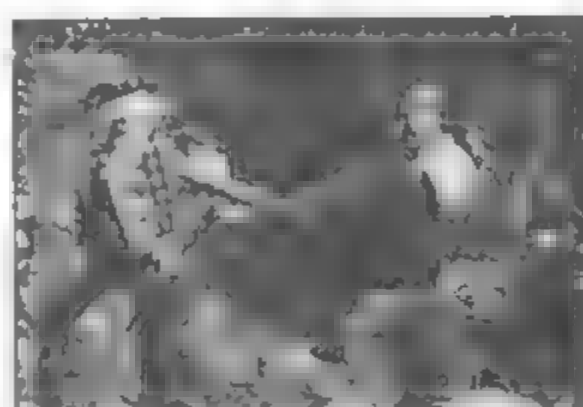
9

ALTHOUGH PSEUDO-documentaries seem to be nothing original these days, this one shows mucho promise. Van Wagenen, who created *Bigfoot: The Search For Sasquatch* as a senior thesis project at Loyola Marymount University, is very talented in his fresh blend of non-climactic comedy. There's never a joke in this short that is delivered with a let-down. I laughed hysterically throughout the entire film. For one, it is not slapstick, it is not shotgun comedy, and it is not Jerry Lewis/Jim Carey retard comedy—to me that means “refreshment.”

The story begins as an obsession with Bigfoot, that leads a scientist on a chase after him. This film has it all; the mythical creature running and then falling, beer drinking interns, and a special forces madman whose only goal is to hunt and kill the beast. An example of Matt's simple but effective method occurs when the crew thinks that they spot the creature in the brush. Immediately the psycho pummels the beast to the ground only to find out that it is a balloon messenger delivering “Good Luck” balloons to one of the interns from his girlfriend. This type of disappointment continues throughout the film, and it is perpetually humorous.

Van Wagenen is presently working a deal to turn his idea into a full length feature. Hopefully, this won't take away from the insight or creativity of the piece. Somehow, however, I doubt it because his style is something rare in film today—it's actually very funny.

—DS



Behind the scenes of *Bigfoot*.



him into a werewolf. At a party, he proceeds to explain the history of the amulet's curse by telling several stupid stories, which we get to witness courtesy of seemingly endless flashbacks to different eras in history. All of these flashbacks are not-at-all funny skits which supposedly occur inside Alcatraz prison, but were all obviously shot inside and around someone's house—for God's sake!

If you're confused, so am I. Though unable to stand these obnoxious people anymore, I had to watch the rest of the tape in order to get the correct running time—so I muted it. Thus, I might have missed the occasional plot point along the way. Sorry.

I won't even go into the multitude of technical faults. I can sympathize with not having any money, but having entire chunks of tape filled with white noise because the deck to deck editing was so sloppy is just inexcusable.

Some of this tape's other charms include long, hand-held single takes—I mean minutes at a time, here—of the characters ad-libbing horribly in lame attempts at plot exposition. Shameless mugging for the camera. About eight different still shots of some guy's naked pimply fat ass. Embarrassingly bad stabs at humor that just didn't...oh, never mind.

To Lou P. Garou and the entire Andrysick family, in other words, all those responsible for wasting 78 minutes of my life, all I can say is that you guys just aren't funny! Feeding some guy in bad werewolf makeup dog food is not funny. Enough! I'm taking up valuable space and NOTHING I write can convey how horrible this was. It was absolutely painful and nauseating to watch.

—Merle Bertrand

(Cret. I feel guilty now! No one said this job was going to be easy.—Ed.)

CUTTHROATS

80 min/Super 8

Sideshow Cinema

5 1

Damn it, I just can't bring myself to bust on those wacky folks at Sideshow Cinema. I mean, *Cutthroats* is the second Sideshow offering I've seen, (the first being the workaholic-zombie epic *Working Stiffs*), and they just seem so damned sincere about what they're trying to do.

They shoot on film, first of all, so their films automatically look like movies and not the typical camcorder crap we usually get. I've seen no gratuitous nudity (Rats!), sex or violence in either film. Just nose-to-the-grindstone attempts at dark comedy and social satire.

Which is not to say that *Cutthroats* completely succeeds. In this film, written and directed by Michael Legge, hapless office worker Don Drinkwater battles insomnia, back-stabbing co-workers, a tyrannical boss, and his own delusions brought on by a sleep-inducing tape he listens to at night.

If these conflicts sound less than epic, it's because they are. There's no dramatic climax here. Instead, the story simply meanders and weaves from plot point to plot point, slowly becoming more and more bizarre as time passes...then builds to such an outlandish conclusion as to render the previous 78 minutes almost pointless.

But that just seems to be the nature of a Sideshow Cinema production. They take their apparent assets—a Super 8 camera and a knowledge of basic three point lighting, plenty of available office locations—and turn them into the best possible movies they can. It certainly ain't revolutionary cinema or high art, but their earnestness kinda rubs off on you.

—MB

26 Emerson St., Mendon, MA.
01756

773-H/CHEESE-HEADS/LIKE A GHOST/VACUUM SCREAMER

62 min./Video, Super 8

Wicked Audio Productions



Okay, first things first
ATTENTION ALL FILMMAKERS. DO NOT SEND IN 23RD GENERATION COPIES OF YOUR FILM FOR REVIEW!!! THIS DOES NOTHING MORE THAN PISS OFF THE REVIEWER WHO'S DESPERATELY TRYING TO MAKE OUT THE BLURRY PICTURE AND GARBLED SOUND!!! THANK YOU!

Whew! I feel better now. I know I've bitched about this before, but I felt the need for a good rant; especially since this tape was so screwed up that my four head VCR couldn't even hold

the picture steady by the end of the tape. So cut it out, you losers!

But I digress.

This compilation tape wasn't very good, but it actually did contain a few kernels of promise. (*Like A Ghost*), for writer/director Tony Kern (no relation to Richard, I assume). If you remember the old trick when you were a kid about punching up the numbers 7734 on your calculator, then turning it upside down to spell out HELL you'll get the gist of 773-H, the first film on this tape. In it, Frank Chapman, an accused murderer, has escaped from prison, only to get gunned down by three shotgun-wielding vigilantes. Of course this only happens after Frank suffers through numerous prolonged dream sequences of his prison life, and several interminably long "chase" scenes. (In other words, lots of shots of Frank running.) The actual payoff is kinda cool and creepy—Frank gets cut up

and skinned alive in "Hell," (get it?), by everyone he killed while alive—but it takes far too long to get there.

Of the other three shorts on this tape, *Cheeseheads* is a fairly harmless, if stupid, skit about people eating evil macaroni & cheese and going on a murderous rampage while shouting "Cheese!" I gave up on *Vacuum Screamer* because the videotape seemed to be disintegrating before my eyes.

However, *Like A Ghost*, an unauthorized Super 8 music video for the song of the same name by The Church's Steve Kilbey, stands far above the rest of the material on this tape. Well shot, eerie, and moody, this would have received at least an 8 if it had been sent in by itself. So, Mr. Kern, there is reason for hope. But it wasn't, and taken all together, this just wasn't very appealing stuff.

—MJB

SUN IN THE SEVENTH HOUSE

15 min./16mm

Yimmbillya Productions



As someone who's suffered through childhood traumas provoked by clay animation parables like *Gumby* and *Davy and Goliath*, I was initially apprehensive of this short. After all, who wants to dredge up nightmares of your mother riding a bucking clay dog as they both rotate slowly in a brand new Amana convection oven? That's just not good karma. Well, I'm happy to say that Jessica Kane's *Sun in the Seventh House* does indeed dredge those images up and, in the bargain, provides many more. It's a fairly simple story about Guy, an ambitious, blue-skinned gentleman who is looking for a job in an overcrowded world of comedians,

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hustlers and penis salesmen. Guy's only ally in this search is the PR Lady who summoned him and, as they attempt to locate a position for the Play-Doh protagonist, a true motive gradually becomes evident. A well-crafted cast of characters and strong visual design help to frame the *House*.

The vocal talents behind the clay, conveying a strong sense of comic timing and pace, help to populate it. The script displays Kane's confident knack for social and philosophical satire, turning this room of archetypes into a funny, if slightly heavy-handed, microcosm of contemporary global culture—where you're only as good as the title you hold. Naturally, the immediate urge is to wonder how a live action film would be racked by Ymmsbilya Productions, but for now, I'm content to allow the mildly disturbing, stop-motion creatures of *Sun in the Seventh House* feed

the inner demons of my psyche in the same way those Sunday morning TV aberrations did.

JH

MAN JAILED FOR PAINTING ZOO ANIMALS ORANGE

90 min/Found Footage

ARTPIG Prods.



My guess is that Robert L. Brown and Jonathan B. Mertz, the creators of this so-called "cinematic hallucination," both liked Craig Baldwin's *Tribulation 99*...a LOT.

Unfortunately, however, whereas *Trib 99* was an interesting, thought-provoking and—most importantly—entertaining film, *Man Jailed For Painting Zoo Animals Orange* is none of the above.

Actually, the best part about this film was the soundtrack, for

not only is *Man Jailed* a found-footage film, it is more accurately a found sound film. The scheme the ARTPIG guys are trying to pull off was juxtaposing mostly found footage, and a little original video stuff when they thought it necessary or appropriate, over a widely varied sound track of pirated musical recordings and/or audio from radio programs, films or television.

Some of the individual chunks were kinda amusing, like a film clip of some scantily-clad Chinese Communist flag girls goose-stepping to "The Baby Bumblebee Song" or intercutting overwrought religious nuts having a holy experience with scenes from an orgy from some adult movie. My problem with this is that there just didn't seem to be a point to the whole thing. I sat through all 90 minutes, wishing it was over after 30, waiting to get to the point...which there

never was. Either that or I'm just too literal-minded to latch onto the "hidden meaning." But again, my guess is that there was no point. Misters Brown and Mertz called this film an hallucination and that's probably all it's meant to be.

I guess it's cheaper than acid.

MH

(Well, maybe that crappy brown stuff you're used to...—F/d)

SOUL POLLUTION

10 min/16mm/B&W

Nightcrew Productions



This is the hardest kind of movie to write a review about—as *Soul Pollution* appears to be that all-too-familiar animal known as the "Student Project". It's probably an Early-In-The-Film-School-Program project, too, judging by the scratched, dirty, and tape-spliced black and white workprint



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and the complete lack of any dialogue throughout. I've seen thirty or forty films that looked remarkably like this one dating back to my days in Film 101 at the University of Texas at Austin. I even made a student film that looked just like this. There's just a certain intangible "look" that surrounds student projects, and that look certainly surrounds *Soul Pollution*.

Why am I fixating on this? Probably because, like most student efforts, *Soul Pollution* was fairly flat, lifeless and mostly forgettable throughout. I'm guessing producer/writer/director Andy Copp was attempting to make a strong anti-drug statement with this film, given that all of the characters came across as drug-addict losers and they all died violently by the end of the film. The problem is, who cares? In ten minutes, all the viewer knows is that the characters are scum, so it's no great loss if they off themselves.

If *Soul Pollution* is not a student (or amateur) production, it may be time for a new career choice. If it is fact a student project, then it's fine. The filmmakers proved they could focus and get an image on film, and (kinda) tell a story. Copp and Co., then, will remember the experience, put this up on the shelf, and move on.

—MB

AWKWARD

25 min/Super 8/B&W

Doug Stone



I got a sort of voyeuristic thrill from watching *Awkward*. I'm not talking about the carnal lust-rush from watching grainy candid viddies of clothing-shorn betties, their luscious milky thighs and bottoms and over-developed mams undulating invitingly, unaware of the spectacle being made of their prurient play—*Awkward* is nothing like that. I am talking about the pleas-

ant sense of discovery after watching a film so unassuming and seamless, that you get the feeling that you've somehow invaded the privacy of the characters in it.

Sam (Jeremy Rutman) is an odd, nomadic, picture-taking, violin-playing physics major, who may or may not be the long-lost brother of Kare (Elisa Todd), a woman whose life with spastic redneck Steve (James Newman) is in all ways stagnant.

This admirable effort by writer/director Doug Stone is a brief, funny, self-contained slice-of-life. "Quirky" is too trite a word, but *Awkward* is quirky. Quirky and effective. The acting is natural as can be, and the film's shot in a crisp, subdued black and white. No bad dubbing here—and even the accordion music works. The (authorized) inclusion of Jonathan Richman's infectious "I Must Be King" on the soundtrack sums up the action in the film quite well (perhaps the film's inspiration). In all, *Awkward* is an excellent (albeit short) film. Not that we would, in the first place, ever review any video featuring clothing-shorn betties, their luscious milky thighs and bottoms and over-developed mams undulating invitingly. That's just not the kind of thing we do here.

—Spiny Norman

THE INNOCENCE FIERCE

48 min/Super 8/Color/B&W

Directed by Christopher Bothwell



Dear Mr. Bothwell:

Call me naive, call me unrefined, but, what the hell is *The Innocence Fierce* all about? Your two main characters—one, a freakish, androgynous, Appalachian-looking, Coors-drinking child, the other a retarded ringer for Stuttering John Melendez who dresses like a Sandanista who's just been to Disneyworld—walk up the middle of the street, break-and-enter, and beat innocents

senseless, like a disconnected XXY-affected George and Lenny. The lack of dialogue confused me, as if the lack of plot didn't. I could have sworn that at one point, the longhair lamented over a Mento that he dropped in a pile of dog shit, but what the hell is that supposed to mean? Maybe I've been up writing too long tonight, but I just don't get it.

Your use of classical music was good, but you didn't credit anyone for it (although I'm sure you didn't get permission to use it). It did add an subtle air of respectability, bringing to mind Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*, so at least you're not mimicking mediocrity. Now think of it, you didn't credit yourself or any of your cast or crew, not that I'd know them or anything, but, had the tape not been labeled, I would not have been able to address you by name, and the film, at least in print here, would now carry the dubious title *What The Fuck?: The Movie* (or maybe *Reservoir Dogshit*).

As incoherent as I found it, I didn't hate your movie, mind you, but I was left with that vague "Is that all there is?" feeling, as if I had eaten the last black jellybean in the bag without realizing it was, in fact, the last black jellybean. You had some nice touches here, using sometimes-grainy stock, stylish

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freezes and slo-mo's, and some rather skilled camera work (considering much of it was probably hand-held) which was pretty smooth. I also dug the part where your psychotic duo played ping-pong with the guy they cacked still laying on the table.

I encourage you to keep making movies, Chris, but if you are using drugs, as we suspect (lysergic acid, methinks), realize that in the end, they'll only bring you down, regardless of how good you thought *Natural Born Killers* looked. Oliver Stone has been making movies for a long time (and presumably, taking acid, as well). (A confirmed suspicion—Ed) You're going to have to take a lot more film (and lids) to be in the same league as Captain Ollie.

Please feel free to write me here at the VIDEO GUIDE, with either additional details about *The Innocence Fierce*, more cinematic assaults for review, or a rendering of me with my severed head in a bucket, if that's truly the way you feel.

—Sincerely,

Spirey Norman

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BEYOND SANITY

50 min/Video

One-By-One Film and Video & Brimstone Productions



It was very late, and my deadline was at hand. Fatigue began to set in, and my attention span had plummeted to pre-adolescent levels, evidenced by my fascination with my one-eyed cat, Sunshine, and his nightly grooming and testicle check. I knew nothing about the tape I was about to watch and review, and truthfully, I nearly put

off looking at it until next issue, for my bed had begun to beckon and I had to be up-and-about again in a matter of hours. Fearing the wrath of Dom (*Yeah right—Dom*) I inserted the tape and pressed "play."

Beyond Sanity, the four-film compilation from Mick McCleery and Kevin J. Lindenmuth, kept my eyes open and my thumb off the "scan" button. While a bit uneven, as compilations often are, my interest was secured for the full 50 minutes of its duration.

My favorite segments on the tape were by McCleery. *Hello, Mr. Goldfish* is an entertaining stoner episode involving 'shrooms and a hapless bowl-dweller (don't tell me that you've never downed a fishy while altered, especially you frat boys). *The Heist*, an ode to Tarantino's *Reservoir Dogs* (*What isn't nowadays?*—Ed) is a literal cat-and-mouse tale about four meeces planning a filch *du fromage*, and is quite amusing, too. These two are most effective because good writing shows through better with comedy.

Lindenmuth's two entries aren't bad, but just aren't executed as successfully as his counterpart's. The first, titled *If You Love Me* has a great idea behind it: a woman, seemingly immortal, one day asks her lover to kill her, and it soon becomes a habit. The poor dubbing was distracting, and the dark Super 8 was a bit of a strain to watch, but still, the idea was intriguing.

Roadkill, though plotless (a man pretends he's going to work when really he's out hunting pedestrians in his car), was enjoyable, if not for the catharsis, then for the visual appeal. I felt lulled by the *Koyunniqatsi*-style high-speed technique shot from inside the car, and genuinely startled when the driver made a kill. My biggest complaint with this one is the washed-out color and the inter-cutting of video with the Super 8. Still, not bad.

Despite its unevenness, *Beyond Sanity* was, overall, fun to watch, and—whoa!—the words on the screen of my word processor just started to melt! Either someone installed a new screen saver, I'm extremely overtired, or the mushrooms on the pizza I had for dinner were...

—SN

QUINTET

86 min/Video

Quartz Productions



The irritatingly shrill and meandering family of dolts in *Where Are You?*, the first segment of the compilation *Quintet*, annoyed me to no end. Their sappy-sweet demeanor and ridiculous dialogue ("my tummy churns with emptiness...emptiness") made me wish for Mickey and Mallory Knox to swiftly enter stage left and dispatch the lot.

The tape consists of five short plays, each by a different playwright, and nearly every one is just as bad as the first.

The second, *Prodigal Daughter*, is about a wayward runaway who returns home to find that the life she left, including her father, no longer knows her (*excuse me sir, but—"dub"*). In the amusing but all-too-brief *Yasger Verdict*, a pregnant woman speculates as to whether or not an unborn child qualifies as a passenger for travel in the diamond lane on the highway. *Magic Equation* features a

Plan 9 Bela Lugosi lookalike in a bad rug arriving at a mysterious house, where its host, with the help of her imitation of a Dr. Death brand suicide machine, ruminates about a quasi-alchemic process of physiological recycling. The last one, the interminable *Watson's Only Case* is a lame Sherlock Holmes tale and alleged farce, in which the only thing funny is the characters' pathetic attempts at an English accent.

Had *Quintet* (not to be confused with the zany Paul Newman frozen Earth comedy) been more cinematic and had less of a public-access-produced-solely-by-interns-feel, it would have been worthy of slightly more than a paltry 3, but ultimately, it's not worth much, because it's not about much. Producer Robert Spira, guilty of the offensive Conan Doyle affront, has presented us with a soporific 86 minute run-on sentence.

There appears to be a fair amount of intelligence behind this project, but it seems to be obscured by clowns. The talent acts as if they're reading their lines for the first time, and the only emotion they can effectively convey is utter confusion. The sets are flimsy, as if constructed by sixth graders, and...well, you get the point. The video, to quote a Beaverism, "sucked." I felt bad that I gave it to my local library, rather than bulking it like I usually do (but they did write off the fines I owed them).

—SN

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SLOW RACER

10 min/Super 8/B&W

Stinky Films



It is the year 2132, and in a country free of debt, thanks to President Perot's tax-the-hell-out-of-everything policy, people are relatively free of disposable income, but restoring and racing antique autos (Pintos and Dusters

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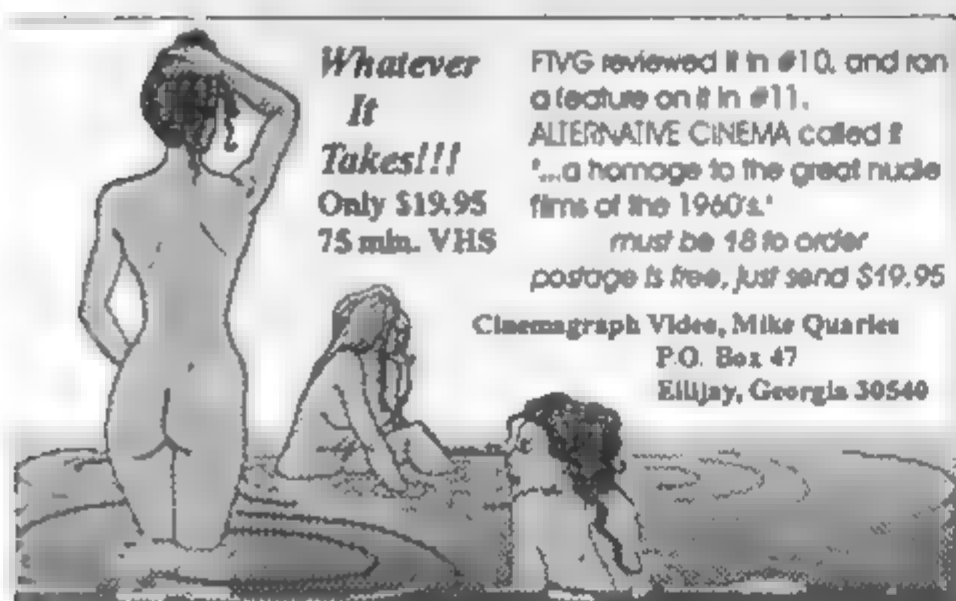
Steven Callahan (David Wittman) is a therapist whose newest patient Christian (Joseph F. Alexandre) is a fashion photographer suffering from a recurring series of bizarre and violent dreams that seemingly coincide with the suspicious disappearance of several male models. Trash mouthed detective Tim Poroski (John Thomas) must try to fight a mountain of bureaucracy to get these brutal slayings solved before the killer strikes again. As the plot tightens, Steven & Christian become involved in a deadly game of cat & mouse.

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and Ramblers—oh my!) is still a popular pastime.

Slow Racer is an affable and relentless little comedy, much like the early works of Alex Winter and Tom Stern. It's directed, with some skill, by Enrique Montiel Leon, and stars some of his friends (David Kamatoy, Larry Wilson, and producer Justin Brinsfield) as the "slow racers" of the film's title. The whole thing has the jumpy look of film from the 1920's, where everything seems to move faster than it actually did, and this effect works.

The part where one of the racers ran down a skater dude made me laugh and cheer, though plowing over crutch-bound cripples just doesn't amuse me like it used to (but singing the Smurf theme while he did it *was* appropriate). Still, for a \$100 production *Slow Racer* was, overall, likable, and will, at least for now, remain in my "Do Not Erase" stack.

—SN

YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE

22 min./Super 8

Walter Von Edigy



I do so like movies about white trash, so this one, naturally, had some appeal for me. We meet the star of the movie, a flannel-clad longhair construction worker who closely resembles one of the members of Lynyrd Skynyrd, as he is tossed from his truck at his job site by his shrew of a wife/girlfriend. You just know that somewhere in that happy couple's

home, there's a velvet painting (sad-eyed orphans, dogs playing poker, The Duke, or, most likely, Elvis), a cinder block shelving unit, and a T-shirt extolling the reasons why a cold beer is better than a woman.

Our hero is a genial and generally hapless sort, but while watching the site one night, he and his mutt, Snippy, find a gemstone in a nearby brook. Rubbing the stone transports them to a subterranean tomb, where they find a woman wrapped in bandages, perfectly preserved, in a sarcophagus against the wall. She comes to life and offers the dude the chance to live there care-free forever. It turns out that the woman is a princess, forever young and eternally banished to this royal tomb by an ancient high priest named Shurik, as an offering to Morlatok, Dread God of Battle. Yeah, whatever..

The film looks good enough, with crisp color, passable effects, good editing, and decent staging, but it's not great. The voice-over narration is rather cheesy (like Harrison Ford's in the original version of *Blade Runner* was) and the princess is a bit grating (she talks like a bad script reads).

I did like the hippie schmuck, played well by Greg Case, and his choice of desserts (Hostess Sno-Balls—can't bear 'em), but the movie lacks that one indescribable thing that makes a short film like this just stick in one's melon. I guess I wanted to see more of how this guy's life was so miserable. It's the voyeur in me again. I just

wasn't satisfied. Had more of the film taken place in a trailer park (or made some mention of a tractor pull or professional wrestling star), then maybe I would have liked it better, but as is, it earns but a 5.

—SN

I saw this flick at the Chicago Underground Fest and thought it was quite nifty—especially in its use of in-camera optical effects. I'd give it a firm 7 at least.—DEW

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SOME GUYS

85 min./Video

Chris Tenzis



Writer/producer/director/editor/art director Chris Tenzis makes one huge error (apart from doing way too much himself) that's all too common in independent film. He thinks everything he shoots is relevant and entertaining. Tenzis takes a novel idea and messes it up.

Some Guys is a scripted piece shot documentary-style and features a series of tripod-shot interviews with an all-male cast who want to share their philosophies and hindsight on women. Surprisingly enough, Tenzis plays the off-camera interviewer.

In fairness, the idea has the potential to be extremely funny and most of the cast (including Tenzis) is entertaining for small portions of their interview segments—though they quickly become boring.

The basis is that our interviewer advertised in a newspaper for male subjects that were willing to talk about their love lives. This premise allows Tenzis the obvious homophobic joke. When a young man appears on screen sporting an effeminate tone he's allowed to speak briefly, giving subtle hints the size of Arizona that he's homosexual. Tenzis, then politely informs him that he's only inter-

viewing heterosexual men for his, eh, er...film (that's really a video).

The thesping however, is better than good—with most players coming off as if their dialogue is indeed natural but their characters are oh so predictable. It only takes 30 seconds of each interview for us to realize their respective trait. There's the guy who can't get laid, the guy who can get laid and abuses women, the funny guy and the nerd guy. Over the course of the interview, each subject learns something about themselves and travels an arc of self-realization. While it's great that there is a pay-off after each interview, you really don't care after a while.

But worse of all is the video's linear form. Each interview is shown in its entirety from beginning to end, save for a brief montage at the end where he jump-cuts from sound bite to sound bite. Resultingly, this the most entertaining and informative part of his feature.

In fact, Tenzis' entire film could be fixed in the editing room with some time and thought. First, he needs to find a logical way of editing the interviews so they follow a narrative as one piece. Secondly he should chop it from 85 to 20 minutes—then he may have an entertaining short. Sometimes less really is more.

At the end, Tenzis tells us that a girlfriend of his questioned him why he doesn't do a film on women. He then ponderously tells us that this could be his next cinematic venture. Let's hope it's at least a lot shorter.

—Dominic Griffin

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CHICAGO

BY DAVID E. WILLIAMS

CONTRARY TO WHAT SOME OTHER, SUPPOSEDLY "alternative" magazines may have you believe, the first annual Chicago Underground Film Festival (CUFF) did not suck (Face it JR Bookwalter & Co. from *Alternative Cinema*, you guys were just too fucking *tired* to have a good time—having wasted yourselves on a previous trip to Las Vegas.)

But Chris Gore, Merle Bertrand and I were daisy fresh upon our arrival in the Windy City and ready to have some serious fun. And that we did—with a vengeance.

After a brief grinding halt at O'Hare Airport—our ride's car broke down and we were forced to take the train downtown—the three of us wandered into the almost overly-nice Bismarck Hotel; CUFF HQ and soon-to-be Party Central. Fest coordinator Jay Bliznick met us in the basement area, which had been sectioned off for people to sell their films, videos and associated BS, and we soon found our way upstairs to our FREE rooms (though not before hassling Bliznick's mom on the way out). And since we were considered big-shots (aka "Special Guests"), Bliznick had provided us each with a FREE bottle of vodka. Okay, moderately priced stuff, but still FREE.

I opened it immediately.

Now, other than the prospect of taking a FREE trip, seeing a bunch of FREE films and possibly having my butt kissed by the many FILM THREAT fans that would undoubtedly be in attendance (They were and it was.), I mostly wanted to hang out with Richard Kern, who CUFF had convinced to leave his dismal Lower East Side neighborhood and make some quick (and probably tax-free) cash by screening some of his new films during the Fest. While I don't know how much they paid him, getting Kern to do anything for FREE is impossible. Trust me on that.

So, while Merle took on the thankless task of setting up the FT booth in the Bismarck's gloomy basement (as our soon-to-be-crushed hopes of making some money on videos and back issues



SOME GUYS director Chris Tenzis gets close with Darth.



Fest guru Jay Bliznick seemed to know what was going on.

were high at that point), Gore and I hooked up with Kern and sat through several forgettable films while scanning the screening program for more worthy events. There were many

Not surprisingly though, I had previously seen about fifty percent of the films showing at CUFF—though mostly by way of bad video dubs. So I picked out a couple gems I wanted to witness on the "big screen" and argued with Gore about the rest. He was interested in anything that promised either sex, violence or both. Many of the films we would later see (or have handed to us as VHS screeners by frantic filmmakers) are featured in the pages of this issue, including *The Pope Of Utah*, *Crosley Fiver*, *Wildgirl's Go-Go Rama* and *Queen Mercy*. (If you want to know more about them, read the appropriate stories.) More may be written about in future issues.

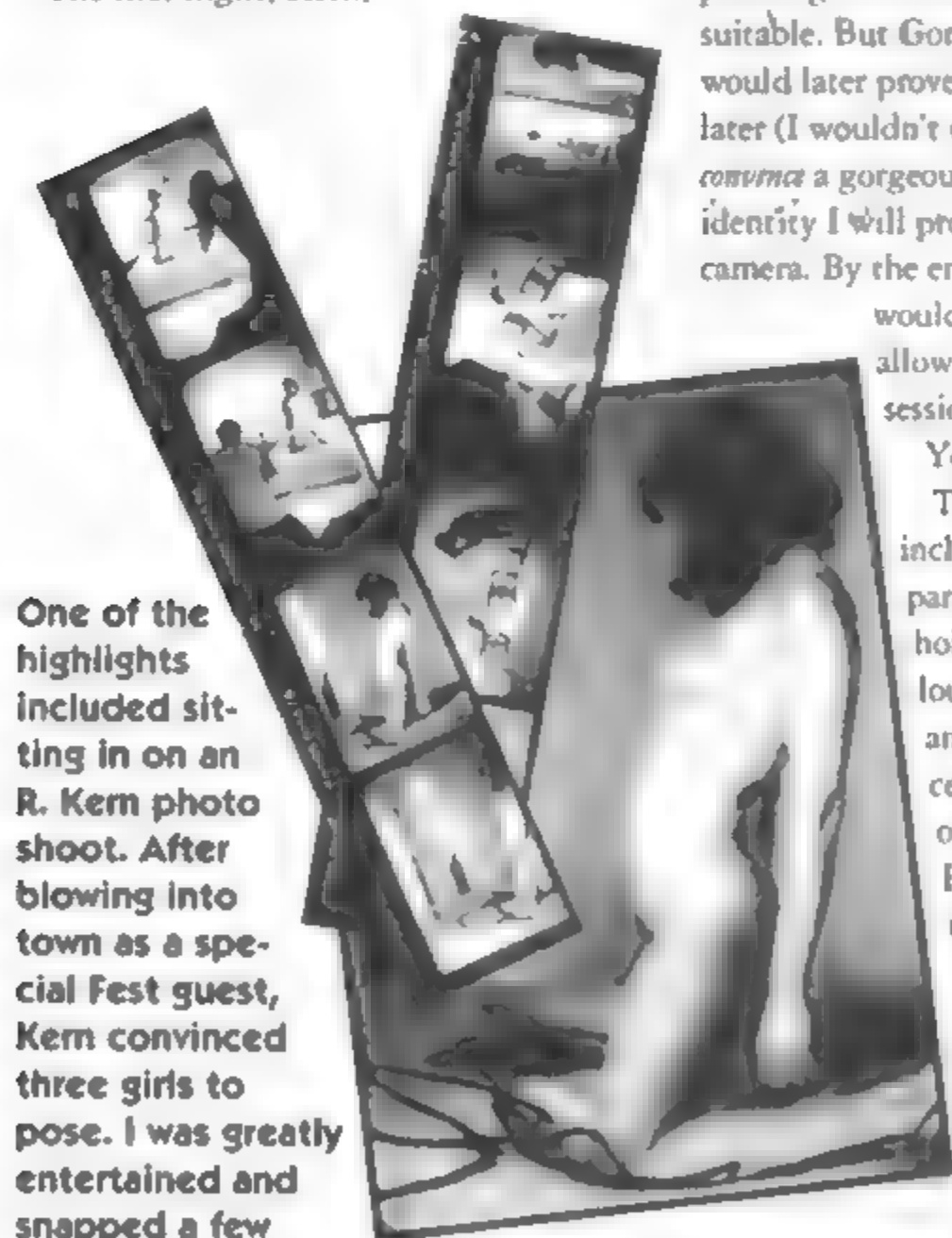
Aside from seeing these and other films though, the best aspect of CUFF was that it attracted a lot of filmmakers whose work I'd seen but had never met—and often never even spoken to by phone. So getting to meet people was a blast. And though I've joked about Gore and I being the requisite Fest "big

shots," I probably bought more drinks for newly-found friends than I had pressed into my hands.

Particularly fun people to meet at CUFF included Leif Jonker, whose film *Darkness* was screened in a longer "Director's Cut" form to a responsive late show crowd; Guy Benoit, whose film *Crosley River* was one CUFF highlight; the charming Christine Martin, whose video *Catfight* was a topic of discussion (reach her at PO Box 20553, NYC, 10009); the intoxicatingly well-spoken Helen Strickler of *Queen Mercy* fame; and Chris Tenzis, whose highly entertaining video *Some Guys* had the unfortunate honor of being screened opposite Kern's films. Needless to say, Tenzis was disappointed.

But the most entertaining events—of course—happened behind the scenes and away from the "commoners" attending the Fest.

The first night, Kern,



One of the highlights included sitting in on an R. Kern photo shoot. After blowing into town as a special Fest guest, Kern convinced three girls to pose. I was greatly entertained and snapped a few shots of my own.

Gore, Bertrand and I smashed ourselves into a cab and rode into some presumably "hip" hood to catch what was being hyped as the end-all, be-all happening of the weekend: A *Star Wars*-themed punk show held in some rundown theatre. Sound dumb? It was. On stage, a lame art/noise

band played...er, noise—but while wearing cheapo *Star Wars* Halloween costumes and clips of the film were projected behind them. Yeah, probably funnier in retrospect, but the real entertainment came from Kern, who was endlessly scoping the crowd for young girls—at least 18 years of age.

You see, Kern was not only in Chicago for CUFF, he was there on *business*, which meant looking for women to model for him back at his 12th floor hotel room—which he had transformed into a simple yet complete photo studio.

Though many might think Kern is into the punk-type wenches we saw at the concert, they would be dead wrong. Instead, he was scouting for what could be best described as "the girl next door gone slightly bad." Or, more simply, fallen Catholic school girls.

Obsessed with the prospect of finding a girl for Kern to shoot, Gore began pointing out likely prospects. None were suitable. But Gore's interest in the hunt would later prove fruitful when he would later (I wouldn't use the word *provoke*) convince a gorgeous CUFF official (whose identity I will protect) to submit to Kern's camera. By the end of the weekend, Kern would shoot three girls and allowed me to sit in on one session.

Yeah. I'm blessed.

The final event at CUFF included a closing night party at some local watering hole featuring an incredibly loud PA system, local bands and the "awards ceremony"—with prizes offered up to fest favorites. I don't know exactly how the winners were chosen, but I was just glad to be enough of a "celebrity" to rank giving two away—to Benoit and Strickler—under the watchful eye of two bondage queens from the House of

Whacks, the local S/M emporium. I'd have to say my latex and leather-clad escorts were interesting to say the least, but I doubt I could afford their going rate for an evening of debasement.

No, that wasn't FREE.

But thank God for that bottle of vodka and the 24 hour ice machine. 



Gore picks up on Bliznick's mom.

A VIEW FROM THE PIT

DAVE AND GORE GOT TO go watch cool movies, schmooze, be roasted as FILM THREAT big-shots, and get escorted by beautiful women in latex & leather. Me? I got to sit at one of the dealer's tables in a small room downstairs and try to off-load enough mags and vids to cover the cost of our plane tickets. Which meant being subjected to a looped preview tape of Chris Tenzis' *Some Guys & Veronica* from the adjacent booth. Eight hours a day for 3 days, nothing but these two fine Tenzis opuses.

Don't get me wrong, they both seemed like fun movies and Chris and his friends were extremely friendly folks. In fact, they made three days of staring across the room at a trailer of *Dead Meat* almost tolerable. But I NEVER want to see that tape again!

I also finally got to meet filmmaker/distributor/publisher J.R. Bookwalter, who had initially agreed to distribute my first feature, then decided—4 months later—that his company had taken on too many titles. Needless to say, meeting J.R. in person was an edgy encounter. He actually seems like an okay guy though, so, unfortunately, I can't churn up any dirt for this piece.

Other highlights included meeting lots of cool folks & filmmakers such as Helen Strickler, Hugh Gallagher, Jay Bliznick, that kook Chris Tenzis, plus getting to hang out in the Windy City with Dave, Gore and Richard Kern. All in all, a good time.

And did I mention that there were women in latex and leather there?

—Merle Bertrand

THE QUEEN OF COOL



FILMMAKER
HELEN STICKLER
UNLEASHES HER
UNBRIDLED PASSION
IN QUEEN MERCY

BY DREW STEPEK

The beautiful Tess Ashton is the stripper
with the heart of stone in Queen Mercy.



IF YOU WERE AN underpaid, overworked peep show dancer who becomes the victim of abusive sexual harassment, would you snap and go completely ballistic? Well, that's the case of an Asian dancer in *Queen Mercy*, a short but disturbing piece by director Helen Stickler.

Interviewed at the Chicago Underground Film Festival, where *Queen Mercy* played to oddity-seeking audiences, the filmmaker had a lot to say about her inspirations were for this intense film—prompted apparently by the troubles with our society and the evils that lurk within the heads of men.

Both of them.

Mercy begins with a very good-looking woman (Tess Ashton) driving down a deserted road—where she passes by a sailor obviously scoping her out in a drooling fashion. Stopping, she immediately she pulls a gun and fills the swabbie full of lead. If you think that's a strong statement, than the rest of the flick will blow your mind. The film progresses,

showing Tess working as the main attraction at a peep show booth while a vast array of odd characters load in their dollar bills to see her.

Mercy hits its exciting peak when she finds herself trapped in a car with an drunken, advance-making dirtball, who gets blown to bits soon after Tess sets the vehicle aflame.

Wow, all that in ten minutes flat. What could have inspired such a mean-spirited, revenge-filled piece?

"I moved to New York in 1990," Stickler begins. "*Queen Mercy* was inspired by a visit to Show World in Times Square. They had peep show booths there and I thought that would be a great setting for a film because of the intimacy. The rest of the it is about me wanting to blow up a car and shoot guns and do all kinds of fun things. It doesn't really have much of a plot, but I figure in a ten minute film, you can't get too much anyway. The characters in the film are real people, they aren't actors—that was something that I was interested in as well. I like



The stripper touches up before killing.

to find people who already have a certain look or aura about them and just film them."

The film, its look and its vast array of odd characters have an interesting look and feel, with of Tess' successive "customers" each adding a touch of creepy absurdity to seedy setting. One notable is a bespectacled tough who pays his cash only to perform a hilariously complex series of martial arts-type moves for Tess—complete with all the cheesy sound effects. Laughs Stickler, "He's like Bruce Lee's biggest fan and he has all these Bruce Lee films and comic books and the cos-

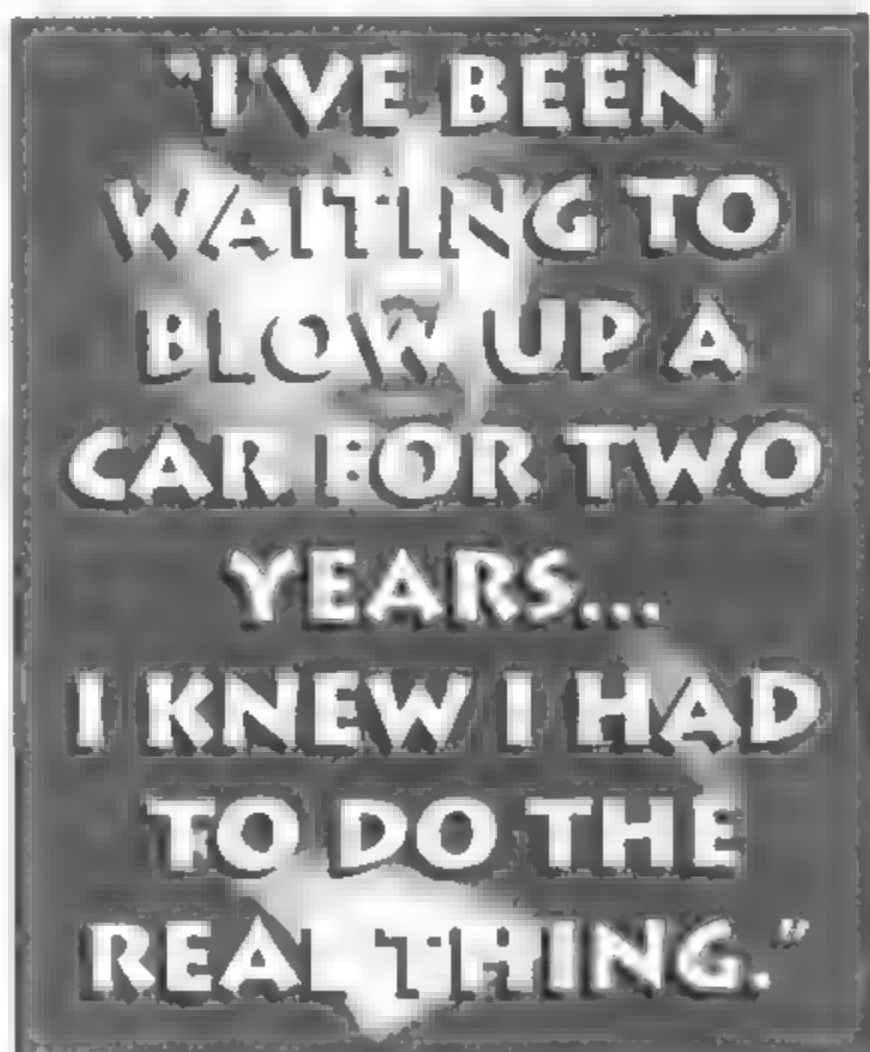
umes and everything. He's totally into that and that's his favorite thing to do: demonstrate his skill at martial arts that he learned from watching television or Bruce Lee movies on video. That's my favorite shot in the whole film, and it was also the easiest because we just put him in the booth and I started shooting—it was just perfect.

Everything else was a total hassle except for that shot. It was like magic."

Characters like the kung-fu fan do make *Queen Mercy* flavorful, but what movie is complete without some striking visuals? In the climactic scene, Tess decides to strike back at a very annoying chap by blowing up his car—with him in it. This scene proves that when Helen Stickler says "no" it means "NO."

However, even this shot proved to be a pain in the ass, because legal matters had to be taken care of. "It was a hassle blowing up the car because I did it legally," explains Stickler. "I've been wanting to blow up a car for like two years. I'd previously tried to do it illegally. I built a little model car and I made a tiny little bomb—I

took two beer bottle caps and filled them with gunpowder. Then we put epoxy around it so it was packed in really tight, then we buried the fuse and lit it and the tiny little plastic car blew up and it was really just a non-event. That's when I knew I had to do the real thing, but I had to do it legally because it made more sense logistically to do



"I'VE BEEN WAITING TO BLOW UP A CAR FOR TWO YEARS... I KNEW I HAD TO DO THE REAL THING."



**"I'M NOT
ADVOCATING
THE KILLING OF
PEOPLE, I JUST
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HAVE A GUN..."**

it the right way. It wasn't that difficult, all we had to do was find a place that had a fire marshall and fire truck that were willing to put out the fire—which they love to do. They love to have things burn and then put them out. That part wasn't too difficult, but I had to get a permit from the Department of Environmental Management—that was the only thing really that had red tape. I had to strip the car for that and they came out to check it out. It took a while, because I had to take the gas tank off. We didn't let the tires catch on fire though. That would have ruined the shot with all the smoke and everything. When it came time to do the shot the first time, the sun disappeared immediately. It was really close, we almost lost the shot

The guys in their little silver suits ran out there and put the fire out. Tess was flirting with them all day long and everybody had a really good time."

Is the popularity of women filmmakers changing into something that follows these same guidelines? Stickler seems to think this is a breath of fresh air blowing into the underground world, as well as in the big film biz of Hollywood. "I shot *Queen Mercy* in 1991 and since then there's been a glut of chicks with guns in the movies, like *Thelma & Louise* and *La Femme Nikita*, and *Ms. magazine* did a cover story with a gun on the cover that asked 'Is this the new power of feminism?'"

In *Mercy*, a woman kills a sailor in the first scene. Is that

DIGGING THE UNDERGROUND

Beyond Queen Mercy, is Best of the New York Underground hot or what?

Are you tired of really weak short films that are about as deep and eventful as the last TNT Jerry Lewis marathon? Look no further FT fan, because the best of the first year of New York's Underground Film Festival is about to bless your screen. This compilation contains some of the unsung heroes of experimental filmmaking. Take for example our friends down at Screaming Chigger Productions—they bring us three little ditties that will blow you mind. One features an abusive father chasing his son because the kid refuses to pull his finger. "Every time I do it you make a bad smell!" the brat cries as dad rampages through their house, demanding his digit be wrenched. Another three-part piece is entitled *My Adventures in the Time Spiral*, in which filmmaker Randy Clower uses computer animation to create a *Back to the Future* on qualudes feel. The sure stand-out on this tape, however, is the documentary *Pleasant Hill, USA*. It's about a kid who blows some people away in a

small town while robbing a bank. Being a huge fan of documentaries in general, this one really hit me below the belt emotionally. *Queen Mercy* is also a fine short that has provocative power, melting

in its interwoven themes of revenge. Some other notable titles on this gem include *Rosa Mi Amour*, *Detritus*, *Mommy, Daddy, & Me*, *X-The Baby Cinema*, and *Spring Break*. Good fun for all! —DS

PULL MY FINGER:
Courtesy of
Screaming
Chigger Prods.



Stickler's take on that *new power*?

Apparently not.

"It was really a joke," she laughs before explaining. "I'm not advocating the killing of people, I just wanted to have a gun because I was into shooting guns at the time. We used a .38 and we didn't have blanks. I drove my car to a gun range and we did the shot there. I enjoy setting things on fire, and I enjoy shooting guns. For me it's a lot of fun. I enjoy working on cars—taking them apart and putting them back together. A lot of girls aren't really encouraged to do these things in our society. I guess it bears a feminist message in the film that says girls should be blowing

things up, and have the kind of fun that boys have been having all this time. I think *that's* the message of the film."

It should come as no surprise, Stickler spent a lot of time getting the feel for this film by going to topless bars. It seems funny to her that the men there often put on better performances than the women. She sees a transformation, like a human into an animal, as soon as a male passes through the doors to be entertained for the evening. Her focus revolved around reversing the roles of the men and the dancer. For example, in many of the sequences, Tess sits in the booth passively, like she could care less what is happening, and the men are the ones putting on a show for her. Although this may not seem like the freshest or most innovative idea, it's slyly directed in such a way that males really get to look at what idiotic pigs they really are.

From a non-technical perspective, it seems that Stickler really just wanted to show this film from the point of view of women—and by not making them objects, the viewers get a chance to see something extremely irregular and absurdly intense. Her viewpoint is also based on the fact that movies made about peep show dancers don't really understand woman in this profession.

Even though the carnage in *Queen Mercy* is the result



Bruce Lee fans and pyromaniacs are well represented in *Queen Mercy*.



of Tess' mistreatment by obsessive men, is there enough here to make this dancer feel *such* disdain toward them? And what would it actually take to drive a woman to such violent measures?

"There is hostility in the film," Stickler admits. "But I don't really care what people think about it. Everybody will have a different interpretation of what they see. Every point of view is valid and I didn't go into the film with a specific point that I wanted to prove—it was just an experimental project. The most important thing about making an experimental film is getting all the feedback." But will this feedback be positive from a male point of view?

"I sincerely doubt it," Stickler admits.

"Even in this day and age where woman rock groups are so popular, most men are afraid to admit to their weaknesses."

Helen Stickler seems to be on the forefront a new kind of post-*femme fatale* genre—and it finally seems that women are not afraid to speak and show their emotions in this active manner.

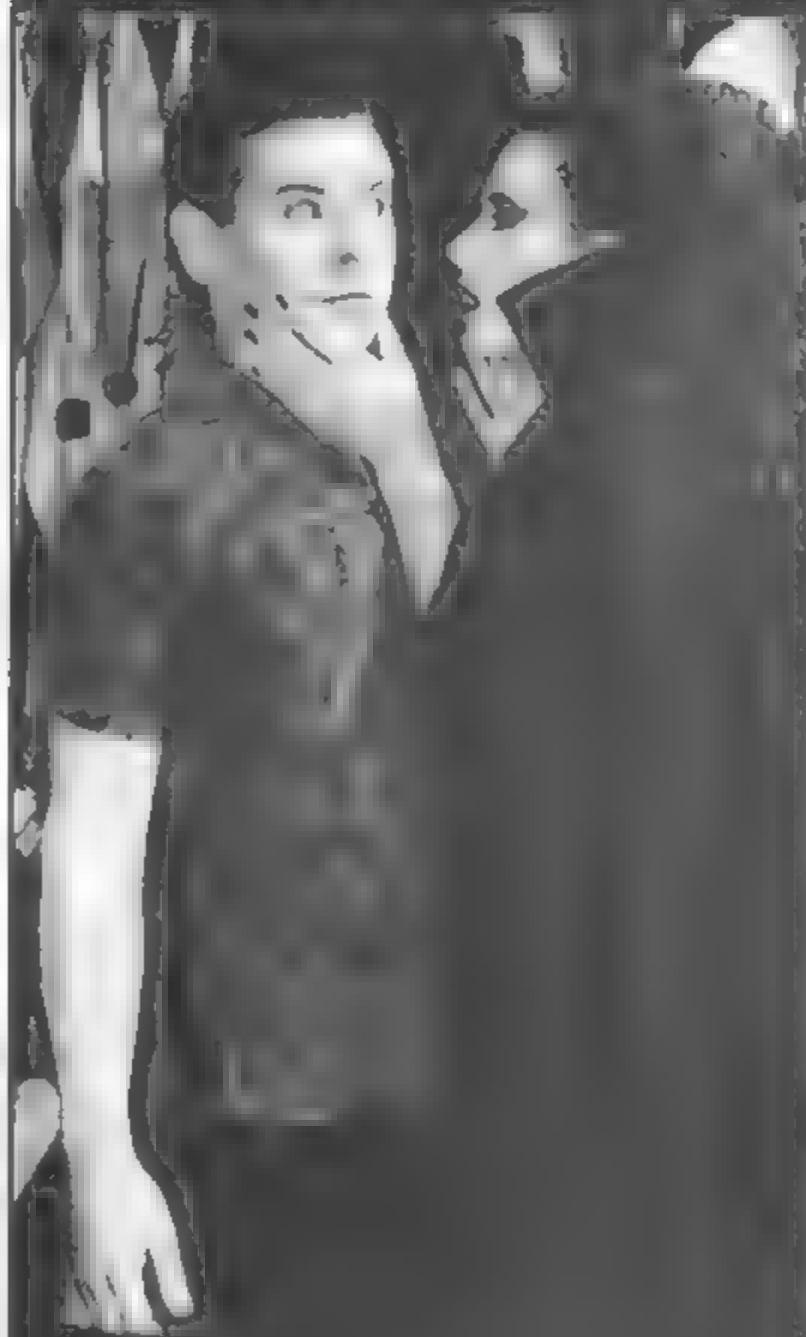
Currently, Stickler is writing a feature that deals with a lot of the same themes. "It's about three strippers who decide to go dance at a lot of little honky tonk strip joints. It should contain a lot more character development, and may even show what kind of underlying themes one can bring on this type of compulsive behavior," she says.

In all, *Queen Mercy* comes highly recommended—not only to women interested in blowing steam, but men as well. I, however, don't think that I'll be spending a whole lot of time in a strip bar anytime soon—the interior of my truck won't look too good in charcoal black. For that matter, I don't think I'll feel too good with six bullets lodged in my chest. **D**

Queen Mercy is available on Best of the New York Underground Film & Video Festival from FTV.

THE VOODOO THAT THEY DO

On *Voodoo Soup*, director
Greg Lewolt, who got to
roll with some of the
best of the best of the



BY MERLE BERTRAND



Voodoo Soup actress Sarah-Jane Hamilton gets to the point.

OH, MY GOD! I'VE BEEN dreaming about this since I was an 8 year-old boy! This is a *Playboy* girl! I was touching this soft, gorgeous body...and I'd faint dead away!"

So exclaimed director Greg Lewolt describing his delayed reaction to rolling around with one of the many gorgeous Pets, Playmates, and other rocket-babes who appear in his horror-comedy, *Voodoo Soup*. If there's one thing that stands out about the film, it's the veritable plethora of attractive women Lewolt managed to convince to appear in his production. And there's a reason for that.

"The first thing I did was call all the video distributors in Hollywood and they all had two questions for me," Lewolt explained when asked about the inspiration for his Super 8 opus. "They wanted to know, 'Are there pretty girls in your film?' Yes. 'Do they take their clothes off?' Yes. Their answer was, 'I want it!'"

It's nice to know distributors are such a discriminating lot.

In any case, even if the movie falls short in a lot of ways (see review this issue), the skin quotient is way up on the scale. Which brings to mind the obvious

questions that all of us pathetic, slaving members of the male species would like to know: How the hell did an average Joe like Lewolt get all these gorgeous women to appear in such an obviously no-budget affair and, better still, how did he manage to, er, "act" with so many of them?

According to Lewolt, several of the women were initially introduced to him via the agent of a *Playboy* Playmate who had appeared in a Super 8 music video the Santa Barbara-based filmmaker recently completed. Pleased with the way his client looked—it was the whole film vs. video thing—the agent brought more of his talent stable to Lewolt's attention. At that point, the fact that *Voodoo Soup* was going to be a *movie*, shot on *film* apparently carried a lot of weight with these women.

"You will look good," Lewolt promised them. "These are professionals. These are models. These girls know photography. They're not gonna let you look bad." But there was more to it than just how they were going to look.

"The one thing that nobody will give them is respect," Lewolt explains. "What I could offer them was...a chance to do something other than a rape victim or a

slasher victim or a hooker, waitress, or dancer. "You'll get a chance to do something."

What women such as *Penthouse* Pets Joanna Taylor and Heidi Lynn and *Playboy* models Corrie Singer and Amy Hastings, just to name a few, get to do in *Voodoo Soup*, (other than disrobe, roll around in piles of whip cream with Lewolt, splash around in bathtubs with Lewolt, hop in a shower with Lewolt, I detect a trend here...), is to actually act and read lines in this bizarre, nearly stream of consciousness blend of slapstick comedy and the macabre.

"If you can tell them, 'Look, this is a feature film. It's silliness. It's a monster movie. It's a twist on the vampire movie... all from a glamorous point of view.' And they ate it up."

And what about all that frolicking about with these lovely lasses? Was it as stimulating as the viewing public imagines it to be?




Lewolt (far right) found that shooting on film—*Super 8*—made the difference in getting his actresses.



Joanna Taylor (above) and Corrie Singer (right) at least fulfilled Lewolt's casting fantasies.

years, *Voodoo Soup* is a spotty, sometimes dense and ponderous debut effort, in spite of all the skin. But with the help of DP Pete Mahar, (whose shop, Harlequin's Costumes of Santa Barbara, supplied most of the costumes, make-up and a few of the film's locations), and the retro-rock sound of the veteran Brian Faith Band, Lewolt survived this first feature. And, as if in answer to the feminist howls about the inherently exploitative nature of *Voodoo Soup*, Lewolt has completed principal photography on *Jill the Ripper*, a story about the end of male domination and his second feature to date.

"I shouldn't let this out, because this is the secret to it all," Lewolt confides conspiratorially. "You will cast any woman you want if she gets to hit a man!"

Hey, if that's what it takes to cast an array of beauties like those in *Voodoo Soup*, it's almost worth it! 

"It was a real non-threatening thing," Lewolt responds, deflating our fantasy bubble. "The whole idea was, I was a little chubby, kind of an ordinary looking guy, and the idea was that the ordinary guy sitting there late night video watching, could put himself in my place." Sounds like a rough job.

"They knew I wasn't there to sleep with them. I knew they were there for a job and I appreciated their showing up." So the thought to take advantage of these compromising situations never crossed his mind? "The bottom line with these women is that they know they can beat me up!" Lewolt chuckles.

Shot on a shoestring over a period of a couple of





THE KING

If such a title existed, it could be argued, beyond pure conjecture, that Eric Kroll is the undisputed champion.

MY THERAPIST SAYS I take photographs that make people blush because I suffer from 'middle-child' syndrome. She says I want to draw attention to myself because when I was a child I was ignored. She says I want to be heard, so I scream with my photographs. I was concerned she might cure me, so I stopped going to therapy," writes Eric Kroll in the introduction to his new book, *Fetish Girls*


Luckily for anyone with an interest in fetish photography, Kroll's therapist

didn't even come close to steering him towards the road of puritanism—but may have inadvertently sent the photographer to the end of Fetish Boulevard, if we are to judge by his new book and videos

Fetish Girls features over 200 fascinating, erotic and very stylish photos, in both color and B&W, with minimal text by Kroll that serves purely as an epilogue and prologue. The publication will no doubt offend many (a requirement if you're to be featured in the GUIDE) as the images convey

S&M, bondage (replete with strap-ons and ball gags), masturbation, full-frontal nudity, submission and, oh, so much more. But it would be unfair to classify this as the kind of pornographic book you'd use in the bathroom during lonely periods of your life when you have as much chance of getting laid as you do winning the lottery. Rather, this is something that you could leave on your coffee table as long as your name isn't Rebecca DeMornay and your dad has insisted on coming over for a little java.

B Y D O M I N I C G R I F F I N
P H O T O S B Y E R I C K R O L L



**“I’M JUST ASKING
THESE WOMEN,
WHO ARE
EXHIBITIONISTS
TO BEGIN WITH,
TO HELP ME
ILLUSTRATE
SOME IMAGES.”**

F E E T I S H

**Kron considers the
implications of his work
in this self-portrait.**

Kroll is not only an excellent and stylish photographer, he's also a savvy businessman. During many of the shoots that resulted in the stills for *Fetish Girls*, he set up a Hi-8 camera and allowed it to run for the duration—capturing some very honest moments of his many shoots—and he has edited together several documentary-style videos

Betty Page, one of Kroll's inspirations.



Bunny Yeager

Kroll looked to classic pin-ups for influence.



us to the many cat-fights of Betty Page. According to Eric, Klaw so feared censorship that he made his models wear several pairs of underwear so their pubic hair wouldn't show in photos. As homage, Kroll has his models wear several pairs during some photo shoots. Kroll reminisces fondly, "I would go down to Irving Klaw's 14th

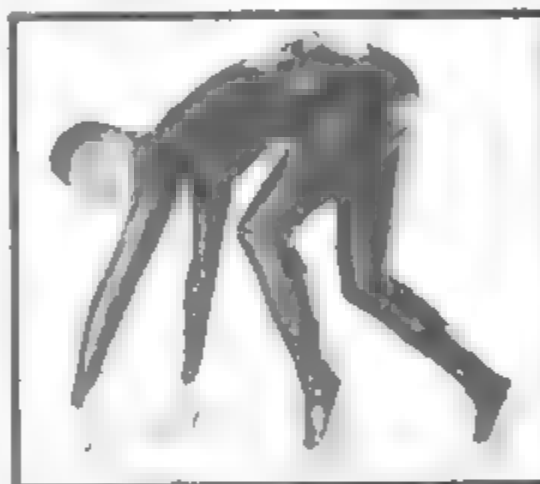
St. studio, that was abandoned at the time, and I'd look up at the window and if you twisted your neck around you could see the stencil of the doorway that Betty Page and all those women used to walk through. The studio was still there, but the place, itself, was abandoned."

Seeing this gave the imaginative Kroll a way to further

KINK ON VIDEO

"My videos aren't MTV quick cuts but rather obsessive, lingering, short on dialogue and slightly perverse," describes Kroll. In one of them, entitled *Eric Kroll's The 118 East 28th St. rm 301 N.Y.C. FETISH tapes vol.4 Michelle*, we

see Eric as he offers to go out and grab some lunch for his model. Deftly, he cuts to a naked Michelle (seen at far right, opposite page), as she eats a fajita pita with one hand and



plays with her vaginal rings with the other. When it's suggested to him that perhaps the videos are too honest and revealing, and thence take away the mystique

that surrounds the images in his classy book, he also brings up Michelle, arguing,

"But isn't it beautiful that she eats lunch with her shaven pussy and her legs apart?" Sure, perhaps, maybe, if you're into that fajita pita/shaven pussy thing.

"To me, my work is a cross between eroticism and this documentary feeling," continues Kroll matter-of-factly. "Many of these women are in the sex business. I'm just asking these women, who are exhibitionists to begin with, to help me illustrate these images."

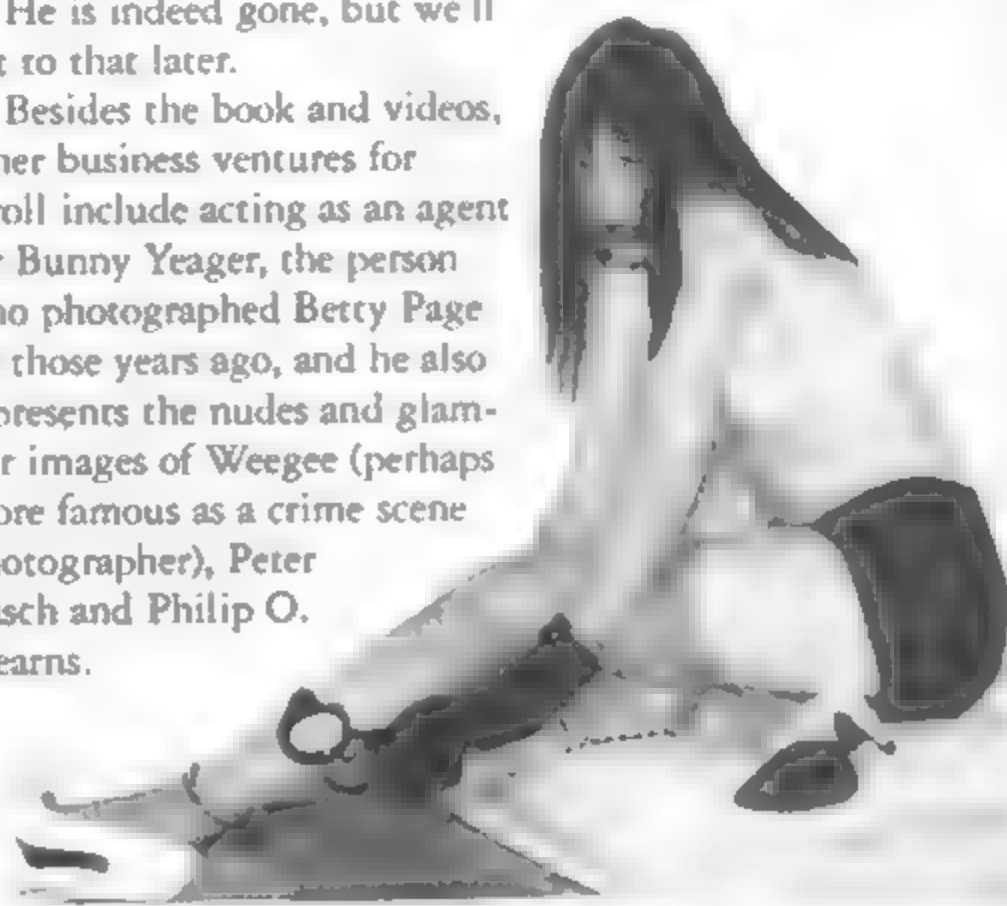
Much of the inspiration for his latest set of videos and their style comes from the legendary bondage photographer, Irving Klaw—familiar to most as the man to thank for exposing

"...OBSESSIVE, LINGERING, SHORT ON DIALOGUE AND SLIGHTLY PERVERSE."

utilize all his talents, as he explains, "See, my background is anthropology, I'm interested in history and so, with that in mind, I named my last five tapes *118 E. 28th St. rm 301 New York City Fetish videos* because the idea would be that by the time people came looking to see where this stuff was done, I'd be gone."

He is indeed gone, but we'll get to that later.

Besides the book and videos, other business ventures for Kroll include acting as an agent for Bunny Yeager, the person who photographed Betty Page all those years ago, and he also represents the nudes and glamour images of Weegee (perhaps more famous as a crime scene photographer), Peter Basch and Philip O. Stearns.



KROLL HISTORY

Kroll was born 23rd of October 1946, in Manhattan but moved with his parents to the wealthy suburb of Westchester county where he attended public, then private school. In his book's liner notes Kroll recalls, "When I was a teenager, I was obsessed with pornography, jazz (I swear there must be something in jazz music. Hugh Hefner has always cited it as a major influence in his life.) and art. I'd buy a girlie magazine and keep it in a small metal box I kept in the woods behind my parents' house. At the same time I was building a library of pornography in the woods, my friends and I would—illegally—drive down to New York and sneak into the Half Note jazz club to listen to John Coltrane

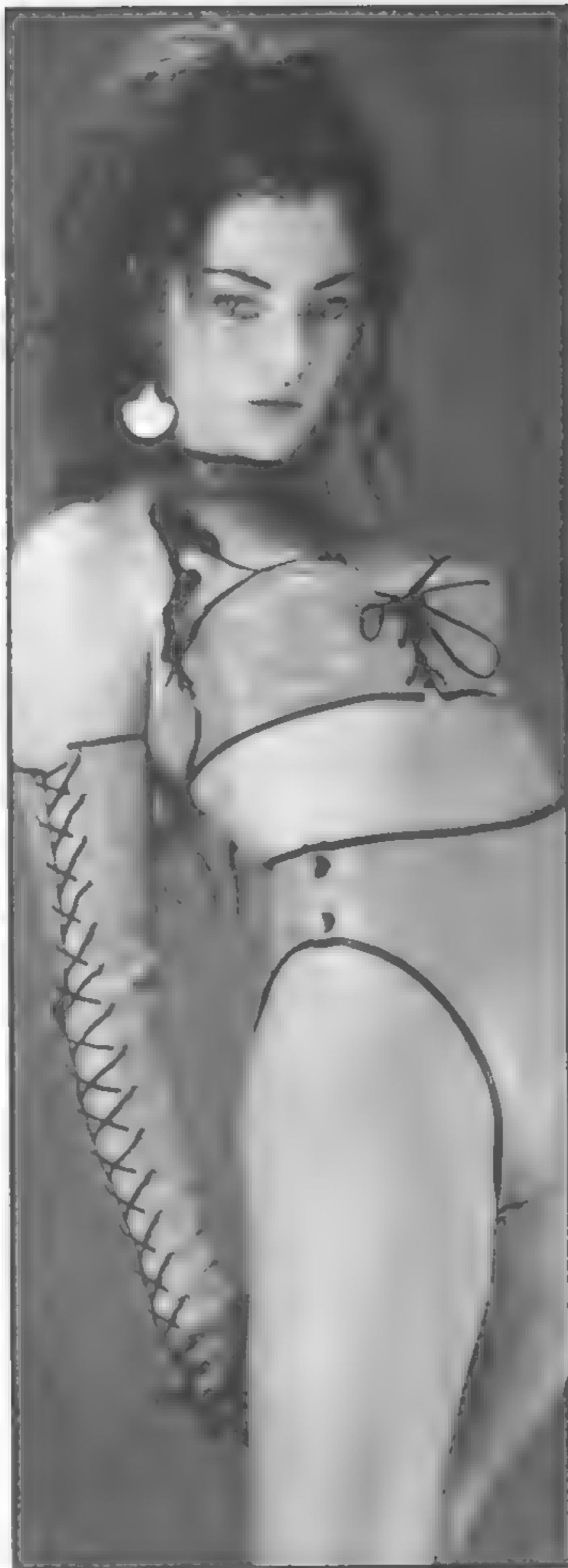
After graduating high school in 1964, he spent two years at Bard College alternately studying literature and ingesting psychedelic drugs before coming to the realization that he wanted to study anthropology (Websters describes this as the 'study of human beings in relation to distribution, origin, classification, and relationship of races, physical character, environmental and social relations, and culture'—just thought you'd like to be sure.) and thence enrolled at the University of Colorado in 1967 before graduating two years later.

After a brief stint in the picturesque New Mexico city of Taos, where Kroll opened up a photo gallery that specialized in, according to Kroll, "arty nudes because I could not make a good print," he moved back to New York. There he became a photojournalist for such publications as *Der Spiegel* (the *Time* magazine of Germany), *Vogue* and *Elle*. To help keep the wolves at bay, Kroll also taught photojournalism at some local colleges

By the mid-Seventies, the photographer found himself traversing the country for the purpose of shooting industrial filmstrips. But by night, the other Eric Kroll would take over and he would visit local massage parlors and shoot some of the girls. This resulted in his first book, *Sex Objects*, in 1977. Kroll purposely took unglamorous and very plain photos of these girls for the book but it was still deemed pornographic by many. A New York senator attacked the book on the front page of the *New York Times*. People came to Kroll's defense and he anticipated all the publicity to result in Stephen King-like sales but it was not to be. Kroll metaphorically says, "There was a gigantic snow storm and a publisher with cold feet."

By 1980 he had met, photographed and married his wife Lynka, seven years his junior, a fashion model and centerfold. Kroll once again got the urge to travel and together with his new bride, they both travelled the country in an RV, taking photos of roadside Americana, "teenagers at 7-Eleven and stuff like that," which he would send back to his agent. But Kroll felt there was something missing in his life, "I did all this stuff but it wasn't really compelling, it wasn't totally absorbing."

Like it so often happens in life, a seemingly unimportant event resulted in a major change of direction for the sociological photographer.





**"I'D BUY A GIRLIE MAGAZINE
AND KEEP IT IN A SMALL METAL
BOX I KEPT IN THE WOODS
BEHIND MY PARENTS' HOUSE."**

FETISH BEGINNINGS

Kroll had always photographed nudes and glamour shots of women, but had never actually made a living from it—that was until a fateful day in the cold wintery month of November, 1986. "I moved into a large studio and at the same time became friends with my neighbor, Annie Sprinkle," Kroll explains. Depending on your memory and how you craft film reviews, Sprinkle has been described as a "hard-core porn star" or most recently, a "performance artist and photographer." Kroll prefers the rather broad description, "sex worker." His friendship with Sprinkle resulted in her lending him some of her fetish outfits and suddenly Eric discovered fetish photography for real and he has never looked back.

After co-producing and directing two docu-videos on his own, Kroll convinced HBO's program *Real Sex* to follow him around while he was making his next endeavor, *Girdle Gulch*, shot entirely on location in Arizona. This video fixated, again, on women wearing fetish underwear while frolicking in water and on horseback.

Now 47 years of age, Kroll is still very happily married to Lynka and has two daughters with her, Leo, age 11 and Willa, age 6, and has relocated to San Francisco for creative reasons.

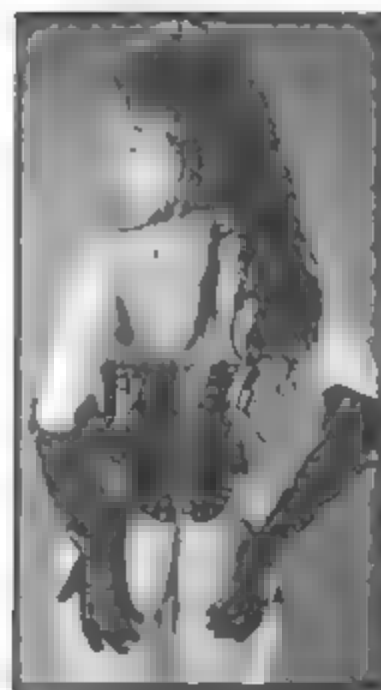
Did the book, man, don't want repeat myself.

If I stayed in New York I'd just be doing the same image over and over again," he explains. A move to a city like San Francisco may seem like an artist looking for inspiration, but not for Kroll who is quick to correct, "I don't really care so much about where I'm going. I care about where I'm leaving. I just don't want to do the same thing." This is indeed very valid and intelligent reasoning. When a creative type moves location, they often cite the city they are moving too as inspiration when they have only visited briefly while on vacation or a tour. But Kroll realizes that deep down, when you think about it, most persons actually migrate as opposed to emigrate. In fact, America was built on such distinctions.

However, he shared another tale earlier in our interview that may help explain why he chose his new location. Usually, Kroll shoots in his New York studio—90% of the material for *Fetish Girls* was lensed there—but Eric seems to have gotten the urge to travel again since he has been thinking about shooting on location. Perhaps it's best if he tells this story.

"I was out in San Francisco recently and I rented this room at the El Trisco Hotel in Pacific Heights. It was a two-bedroom suite with a four-poster bed and I tied the model to the bed—I met her at the Bondage A Go-Go, this bald-headed girl with tat-





boxed nipples—and I shot her there. It was really erotic because it was temporary. It was transient. Anyway, then my wife and kids came and spent that night in the same room.'

Oddly enough, Kroll finds many of his beautiful and exotic models while walking the street. If he spots a woman whom he thinks will suit his work, he just walks up to them and hands them a business card.

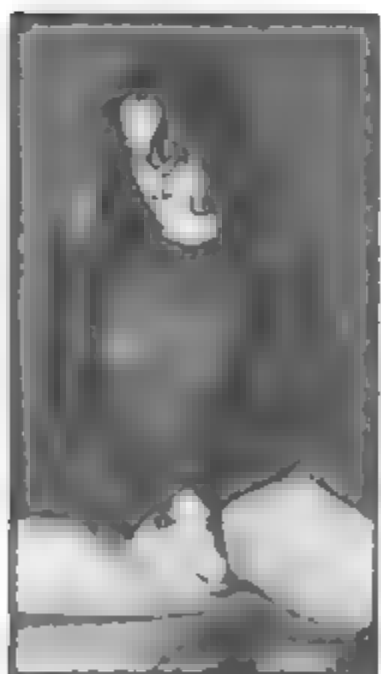
"Invariably, when I approach someone, I can tell them about something in a magazine that's floating about which has something non-explicit that I think is erotic and 'if it appeals to you I pay.' This is a very important distinction between a lot of the photographers, who are doing this kind of work, and myself," Kroll says before he explains more about how he shoots. "It's like that woman in the book who is smoking with her foot. She's a Russian Jew I met outside a store called Live Bait while I was with my kid. She was getting into a cab and I gave her my card. When she came to my studio she said, 'I don't do nudes.' And I said, 'That's okay, can you smoke a cigarette with your foot?' So I don't think it has to be nudity. If the woman is excited and interested, it becomes a collaboration. You know, I'll direct somewhat, but it is also a collaboration."

Sometimes, these collaborations can get a little sticky, however. Kroll was once shooting Susan Smith on the back of Danny The Wonder Boy. Danny is well known in the fetish world as a human/equestrian guy. He wears a saddle on his back and gives women rides. More often than not, the rider will climax and strangely enough, Danny gets off on it too.

Well, Kroll had Susan in a rubber dress riding on the back of Danny and his saddle in his New York studio during one of his video shoots and in walks her boyfriend.

Recalls Kroll, "He went absolutely apeshit and it's all on video—which is sort of wonderful."

Good one, Eric! **[END]**





KERN SHOTS MANSON IN FLORIDA!

by Dominic Griffin
photos by R. Kern

RICHARD KERN HELPS MARILYN MANSON CONTINUE
GIVING THE FINGER TO A SELF-RIGHTEOUS AMERICA

I 978 WASN'T A GOOD YEAR to retailers of that all-American product. The Metal Lunchbox. Huh? You see, some little tyke took it upon himself to whack the shit out of a school mate with his lunchbox whilst playing in the schoolyard. As a result, the state of Florida outlawed metal lunchboxes in schoolyards (Strangely enough, the state hasn't outlawed guns after a religious nutter shot dead a doctor and his bodyguard recently.)

Four years ago, Mr. Marilyn Manson, now the 25 year-old lead singer and spokesman for Miami-based rock band Marilyn Manson, was rummaging through his things and found something that brought back memories from a childhood spent attending a private Christian school in Ohio. A childhood that was accompanied by regular beatings. "I wasn't allowed to bring my KISS metal lunchbox to school and when I found it, it reminded me of that time and I was wondering what those kids would think if they saw me now. What did it prove by beating me up? It didn't affect me," Manson sneers as he recalls these events on the set of the *Metal Lunchbox* video, a song inspired by these disparate, yet strangely related, events. *Lunchbox* is essentially a song whose name is derived from the first bizarre incident but lyrically, the song is about a young kid who gets bullied at school and whose revenge is that he grows up and becomes a

big rock 'n roll star.

Currently, it's September in Florida and the temperature and humidity levels are neck and neck. Both of them read 90. In other words, it's awfully fucking hot outside, especially if you're working, which a crew of twenty are. Mr. Manson says it best, albeit a little extremely, "In Florida, if you don't have air conditioning, you might as well kill yourself."

Call time is 7 A.M. and everyone is gathered outside the Gold Coast Roller Rink on Federal Highway situated about a mile from the Ft. Lauderdale airport. It's not like you'd expect Ft. Lauderdale to be. There's not a super-model in site, the bar next door is closed down due to lack of business and a large post office is stationed across the street. It's almost like a deserted ghost-town with people. There is "100% absolutely" nothing glamorous about the location. There is little to suggest that less than a mile away lies beautiful beaches, busy nightclubs and a marina that is home to million dollar boats.

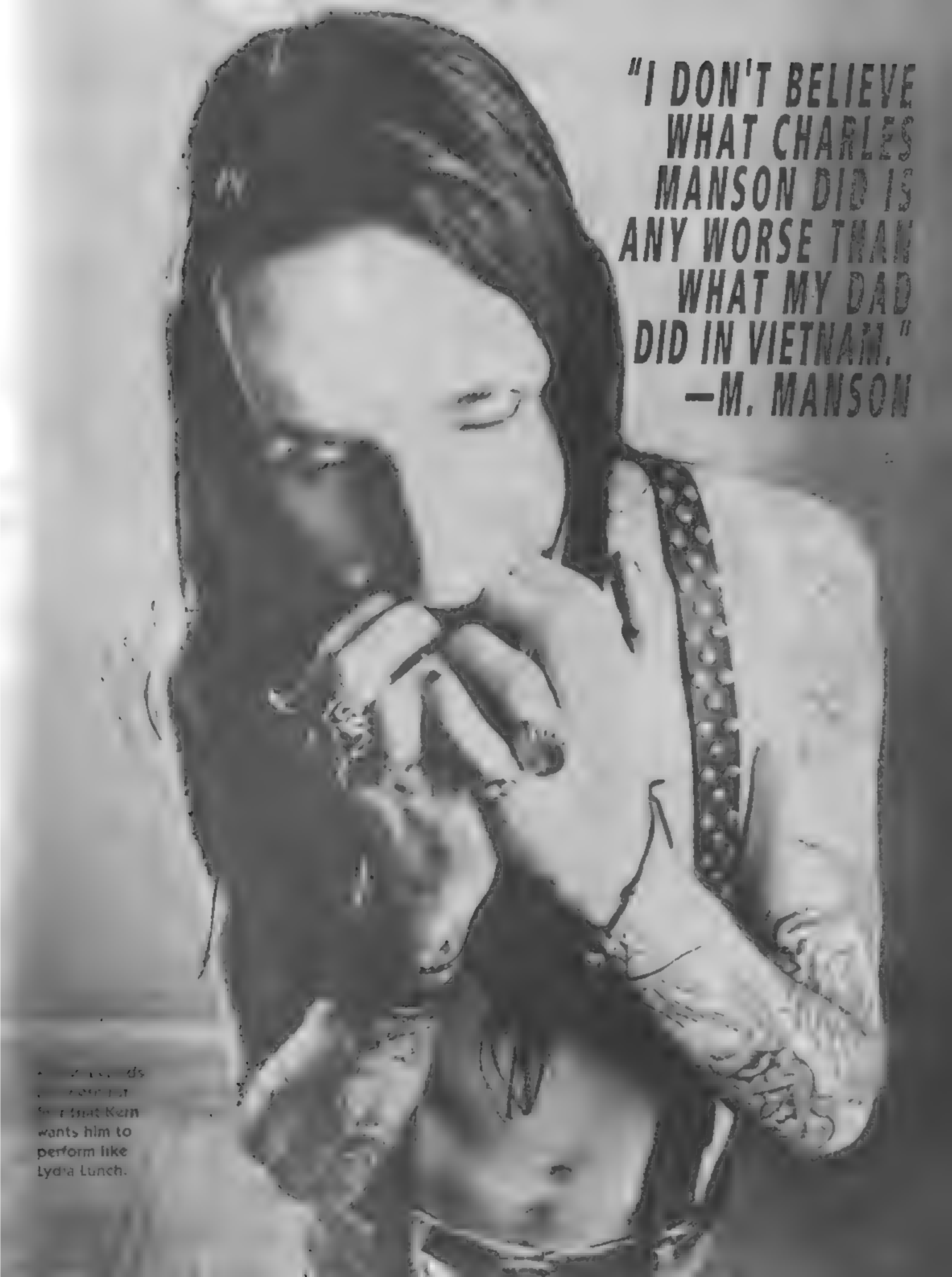
At the helm of this video shoot is director Richard Kern. Yes, *that* Richard Kern. Anybody who is familiar with his tapes, *Hardcore: The Films Of Richard Kern Vols. 1 and 2*, would be surprised. Kern has been sober for 5 years and for good reason. "It was quit or die. It just got to the point where I had no apartment, no money. It was pretty disgusting," he says.

Kern laughs when asked if quitting drugs has affected his creativity, saying, "Not at all. Now if I think of an idea or I have a flash of inspiration I don't forget about it like most people do when they're high."

But the pure embodiment of underground filmmaking is making, *aagh*, a music video. Kern puts it into perspective, explaining, "When I first started in film, music videos didn't exist. But that's where underground filmmakers went. Now, instead of being frustrated and unemployed people, they're now making music videos." Actually this isn't the first music clip for the 39 year-old bespectacled fetish photographer and director. Previously he shot *Money Love* and *Death Valley '69* for Sonic Youth and *Detachable Penis* for King Missile. But it was a video he shot for Cop Shoot Cop coupled with his *Hardcore* collections that had Marilyn Manson calling.

The band's call time isn't till noon but Mr. Manson is there early, dressed in trademark black. Why is a man who is more accustomed to keeping vampire hours here so early? To comfort a long-haired Robert Pierce, the 6 year-old star of the video, of course.

Kern and Manson have put their twisted minds together and come up with the premise for the shoot. The story line is based around Robert, who also appears on the record and has performed live with band uttering the opening line to



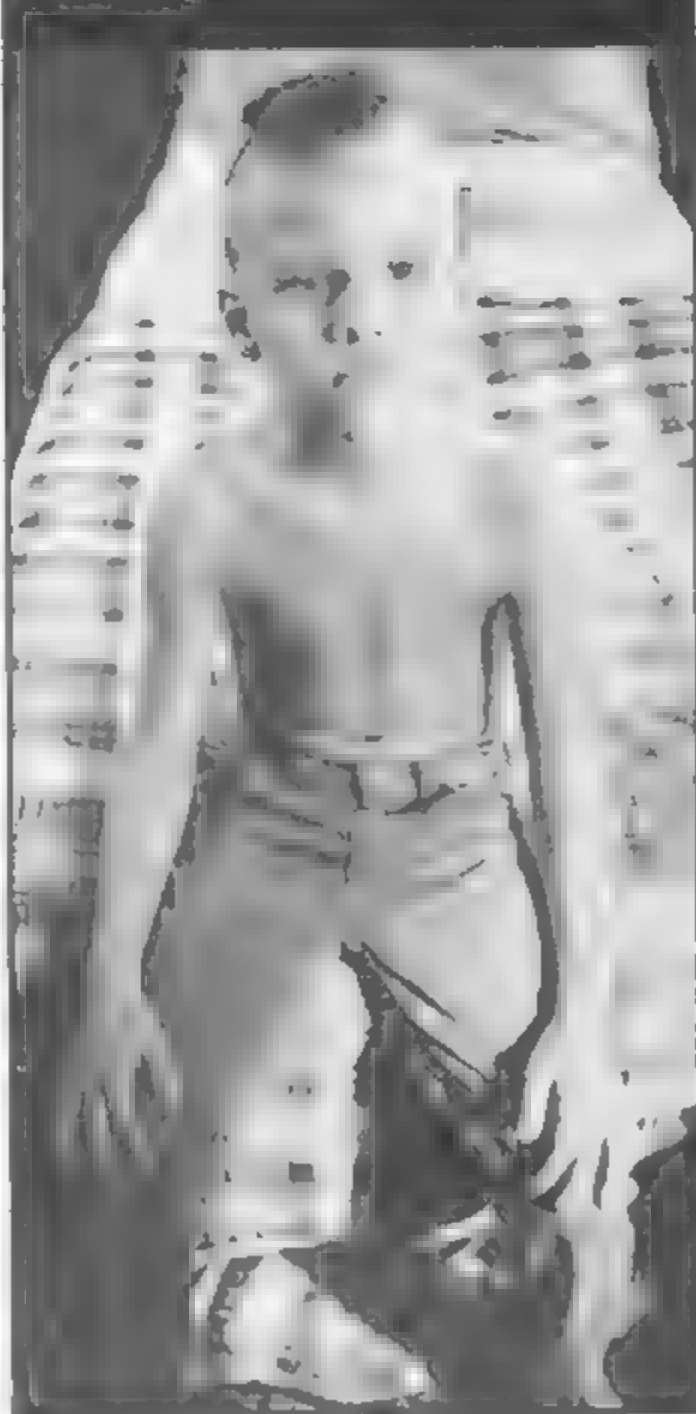
**"I DON'T BELIEVE
WHAT CHARLES
MANSON DID IS
ANY WORSE THAN
WHAT MY DAD
DID IN VIETNAM."
—M. MANSON**

...ds
...
... that Kern
wants him to
perform like
Lydia Lunch.



(Above) Manson's Family of fans and roller skaters.

(Below) 6 year-old method actor Robert Pierce shaves his hair for the video.



Lunchbox: "The next motherfucker's gonna get my metal." Even though the kid doesn't look like a geek, he's representing a younger Manson who gets bullied on the way to the roller rink with his metal lunchbox. After he breaks free from his captors, he vows revenge. He smashes his lunchbox, shaves off his hair (yes, he really did it) and grows up to become a big rock n roll star. Kern elaborates "Little nerdie kids become rock stars and writers and filmmakers. The biggest geeks end up doing the best stuff. Look at me, I grew up in North Carolina."

One of the first shots has Robert being the victim of a staged beating by a couple of teenage extras, Liz (15) and Jason (14) who look like they're straight out of a *How To Look Punk-Grunge 101* class. She's dyed her hair red which matches the red tights she wears with her Doc Martens. Jason goes for the skin-head look which compliments his freckles oh so well. Even though they looked like they were enjoying roughing the cherub-faced Robert about, they're nice kids. After every take, they ask him if he's okay. In fact, everyone asks Robert if he's okay. All the attention understandably gets to him and he's left with no other option but to start crying. Every now and again, Kern gives off a look of distress when he realizes what he's filming.

As Mr. Manson watches the action, he

says about Jason, "He looks just like the kid who use to beat me up in school. All pissed off 'cause their face is full of freckles." Later he'll go into further detail.

"Mike Bernhardt was the kid who use to wait at the bus stop for me when I was attending school in Ohio." Manson speculates that Bernhardt currently has three kids and lives in a trailer-park. "Well, that's what happened to most of the kids I grew up with," he adds.

The genesis of Marilyn Manson goes back to 1990. Mr Manson explains, "I spent a lot of time just writing even though I never realized I'd be in a band. I was watching TV shows, talk shows, that kind of crap. The two people that stood out for me most were Charles Manson and Marilyn Monroe. They were so interesting, you never needed first or last names. Putting both of them together was the perfect dichotomy of man and woman, good and evil. I thought those two extremes really represented what I was writing at the time. At the time I met [guitarist] Daisy Berkowitz and he had some weird demos with no vocals and we wrote two songs and that was the the real birth of the band." Originally calling themselves Marilyn Manson and The Spooky Kids, they shortened the name so as to accommodate billboards.

The band decided from the get-go to change their individual monikers to match

their philosophy. First names would be that of a siren who has been exploited by the media and the last name, that of a serial killer.

Manson, along with keyboardist Madonna Wayne Gacy, drummer Sara Lee Lucas and bass player Gidget Gein (who was very fond of heroin and was subsequently replaced by Twiggy Ramirez), began performing in the local Miami area playing their brand of glam rock-punk-industrial music inspired by the likes of Iggy Pop, The Beatles and Black Sabbath. With their look of androgyny and evil to match their namesakes, they built up a following and a big fan in the guise of a musician named Trent Reznor.

Nine Inch Nails wasn't yet a household name.

Marilyn Manson scored themselves an opening slot for NIN and immediately struck up a kinship with Reznor. "It must have been something to do with both of us coming from the midwest," Manson says. "We understood where the other was coming from and we just became real close." Close enough that when Manson was shopping their demo, Reznor and his Nothing Records signed them.

While the band had attracted a little controversy before, over their moniker, it had never stalled their career. But on January 5th of this year, Mr. Marilyn Manson turned twenty-five. The phone rang and it was Trent Reznor. "I thought it was a happy birthday call but it wasn't," Manson laments. Reznor was calling to inform him that Interscope, the label that distributes Nothing Records, was having reservations about the album and were refusing to release it. "It wasn't any one particular thing, but rather the whole tone of the record that they were afraid of," remembers Manson. Part of Interscope's reluctance arose out of the brouhaha that had erupted after Guns 'n Roses recorded a Charles Manson-penned song on their *Spaghetti Incident* album.

Reznor and his label would have been excused for pulling out, but they opted to stand behind the band's convictions and started to shop the album with other distributors. Madonna's label, Maverick, became interested in getting involved. She did have one problem though and that was with keyboardist Madonna Wayne Gacy. She wanted him to change his name. "I explained to her that it was in fact a com-

pliment but she didn't quite get it," Manson laughs. Luckily, in the interim of trying to find a new distributor, Interscope changed their mind and re-aligned their thinking to that of the band. "They began to understand what the band was saying. Interscope has been very good to us," Manson is quick to point out.

They did however have to compromise one little thing, as Manson explains, "The only thing we took out was something Time Warner objected to. It was a picture of me as a 6 year-old lying on a couch naked, with my hands cupped over my crotch that my mother took." Apparently, the law states that if a photo causes stimu-

**"INSTEAD OF
BEING
FRUSTRATED
AND
UNEMPLOYED,
THEY'RE NOW
MAKING MUSIC
VIDEOS."**

**—R. KERN ON UNDERGROUND
FILMMAKERS**



lation, then it's considered pornography. "It was just for fun and my point of putting it in was 'it's only sick if you want it to be.' That's a lot of what Marilyn Manson is about. It's as sick as you are. *It takes one to know one.* But they didn't understand that. My question is, 'Who is deciding this?' Whoever gets a hard-on from this, that's the sick person."

For all the attention they receive beyond their music, Marilyn Manson may not be so shocking after all. If you look beyond the serial killer references, the band may even reveal themselves as intelligent and conscientiously conservative. Mr. Manson claims they are in fact a reaction to a morally corrupt society. "Beware, if you don't raise your kids correctly, they may fall prey to Marilyn Manson," he warns. "But we say this with a wink 'cause it could be a good thing."

Their debut album, cheekily called *Portrait Of An American Family*, already has the UK Parliament up in arms over its lyrical content. They're trying to ban it but Manson doesn't really give a flying fuck, saying, "They're biting their nose to spite their face. It'll only sell more."

On closer examination, Manson may make a strange logic. "For the record, I don't advocate killing, but killing is killing. Except I don't believe what Charles Manson did is any worse than what my Dad did in Vietnam. 'Cause my Dad didn't believe in Vietnam, he got brought in as a teenager, and he killed people. But at least Manson had a reason, even though you may not agree with it, but I think that's more logical than what my Dad did."

When he's asked if he'd be so rational if some random person killed him because they didn't like his black hair, he replies, "I don't think either one is right or wrong. I wouldn't justify either behavior. But I find it interesting that Manson can't collect his royalties. I'd like to see what would happen if Michael Jackson had gone to jail. Would they take away his publishing money?"

The band has been accused of adopting such logic in an attempt to garner free publicity, but Manson vehemently denies such allegations. "It's not a situation where I have two separate lifestyles. I don't have another secret lifestyle that I go back to where I stop thinking like this. Any great movement always evolved out of things

that didn't belong. Art, social movements, music. That's what I'm saying to kids: 'You don't have to belong, you can move onto something that's better than society rather than being a part of it.'

Manson believes his band is more than mere music, it's a philosophy, a party-line. "The more people who are opposed to the way society is then eventually the minority can become the majority. The important thing is that this kind of freedom doesn't come for free. You've got to accept responsibility for your actions. If you want to listen to Ice-T's album *Cop Killer* you should be able to accept responsibility for your actions. If you want to go out and shoot a cop after listening to it then you're an idiot. If you listen to Marilyn Manson and you want to commit suicide, then your parents should be blamed for raising you so stupid."

Back on the video set, it's noon and while Frank the road manager is busy on his flip flop cell phone, Marilyn waits on his band-mates and turns to me and says, 'I got a bottle of Jack [Daniels] in the car if you'd like some.' I graciously decline. "I drink a bottle a day on tour," he casually notes, "Except my sinus' are blocked up today." While at first look you doubt this fact since he looks quite healthy, albeit

pale. But later, as we're riding to the airport in his red sports car, I'll discover a unopened bottle of Jack in the front seat and he'll tell me some tales that always begin with, "Now this is off the record but when we..." that make drinking a daily bottle of JD pale in comparison.

When Madonna Wayne Gacy shows up he's carrying a plastic bag full of dolls that'll be used as props. He's smoking thru a long cigarette holder and barely has time to bid his bandmates "hello" before he proceeds to rip the dolls apart with a bucket-load of ire. He's wearing a Melvins 'Pussy' T-shirt and he's completely bald save for a long and dangley beard not unlike an unbraided version of Alice In Chains front man Layne Staley's goatee.

The drummer, Sara Lee Lucas, isn't far behind. Daisy and Twiggy arrive and the entire band sit around trading road stories. It's evident that the band has been having a blast opening up for Nine Inch Nails and Hole and are eager to get back on their tour bus, which they'll be doing in less than forty-eight hours. But first they have to get this video in the can.

Despite what Kern is renowned (infamous) for, particularly a little unrated charmer called *Fingered*, this is a music video costing \$40,000, so it's serious busi-

ness. Compared to many music videos whose budgets can run up to \$250,000, that may be a small budget, but the hope is to garner an MTV airing. Kern will ask me later what I think regarding the video's content, "Do you think [MTV] will air it?" Content-wise, there's nothing in the video that will shock, so there shouldn't be a problem. But just in case, drummer Sara Lee Lucas, who is endorsed by Premier drums, is asked to cover up the offending brand name that appears in big bold letters on his kit.

A discussion regarding the subject ensues on set. "There is no way MTV will play this if there is a big promotion posted across the kit," Kern adamantly explains as he sets up a shot. "But that was a stipulation from the company," contends Frankie who doesn't want to piss-off Premier when they're supplying free equipment to the band.

The problem is resolved when producer Carol and executive producer Steve Brown encourage road-manager Frankie to call the record label, Nothing, and ask them what to do. Resultingly, the name of the drum kit is covered up.

While pixilating the offending brand name could be an option in post-production, it isn't on this shoot because of finan-



cial restrictions. Brown, who owns High Risk Productions, the company running the shoot, has come across all these problems before.

All were involved in the pre-production for a video that never happened—Nirvana's *Rape Me*. Brown had been responsible for the original *In Bloom* video that was eventually replaced by a different version. Kurt Cobain then invited him to work again on the second single from *In Utero*.

For *Rape Me*, Brown was going to combine footage of Nirvana playing live in Europe (where they were touring at the time) footage of young kids dressed up like the Seattleites playing in a club and footage of prison scenes and street hookers. The week of Cobain's collapse in Rome, the result of a drug overdose, he called Brown and expressed reservations about the video and its message, but asked that he shoot the street hooker footage regardless. It was the last time they conversed before Cobain's suicide. Ironically, the production company got a kill fee.

Mr. Manson will be lip-syncing *Lunchbox* from various areas of the skating rink location for this video. The band's

they eventually come to a compromise.

While there wasn't any hostility involved, this incident was laughable for its *Spinal Tap* qualities and helps demonstrate why filmmaking can be a costly exercise in diplomacy.

After the equipment has been set up on a stage, plunked in the middle of the rink, Kern goes about setting up his next shot. This part of the clip called for scenes wherein kids grab lead singer Marilyn from the stage and lead him twenty feet to a waiting camera. One of first kids picked to lead Marilyn was a brunette who claimed she was fourteen but looked ten.

When the shot was over, she turned to a towering Marilyn and asked, "Do you live in a mansion. Can I come over later?"



the humidity as cracks of lightning went off in the background. As the shoot was coming to a close inside, he shared his disappointment at the entire production—specifically the lack of quality skaters. "I know a 5 year-old who can skate better than them," he explained. I personally was a little worried myself at this claim. "I'm a good skater you know," he continued as I became more worried. Kern's response to complaints the lack of Nancy Kerrigan-class skaters?

"We took what we could get."

"THE BIGGEST GEEKS END UP DOING THE BEST STUFF. LOOK AT ME, I GREW UP IN NORTH CAROLINA."

—R. KERN



equipment will have to be moved several times and an important but seemingly silly question has arisen. Who is going to move the band's gear? Ordinarily, if the band was on tour, Frankie the road manager (a former guitar tech for mega-touring band Rush) would be responsible, but since this is a video shoot there must be someone else to do this menial but important task. Should the PA's be doing it?

As it turns out, Tommy, the AD who had asked Frankie to move the equipment, is just concerned about going through the proper channels and (most importantly) doesn't want to damage the drum kit. As Frankie and Tommy go back and forth,

Some of the crew who heard this jokingly weighed the options of engagement with the possible legal repercussions while Manson himself asked for help picking his lower jaw up off the ground.

The second scene called for an even younger blonde tyke to repeat the action from a different angle. Well, if looks could kill, the young blonde would be dead from the stares that the precocious brunette radiated in her direction.

Smoking was prohibited inside the rink, so nicotine addicts had to venture outside onto the patio. Jack (30), was explaining that he'd been coming to the rink for the past twenty-five years. He was sitting in

After this, Kern moves onto his next projects, which include putting together a new *Hardcore* tape, editing a book of his photography and considering other offers. Would he do a \$40 million feature?

"Sure." *Demolition 2* with Sylvester Stallone? "Will it have Sandra Bullock?"

As for the band, they go back on the road and ponder an offer to appear on a daytime talk show. "I think it's *Oprah* or something," Mr. Manson says nonchalantly. "But I know what they'd do. They'd bring on family victims and have them accuse us of living off the tragedy. But what are they doing with their show? The same thing." **TMJ**

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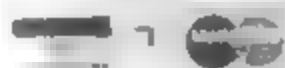
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THEY JUST KEEP GO - GO - I N G

**"WHEN YOU ASK 'WHY?'
WE ASK 'WHY NOT?'"**

**—BUSTY REDHEAD INTERVIEWED
IN FILMMAKER ADDISON COOK'S
WILD GIRLS GO-GO RAMA**

WHY NOT INDEED?
Delving into subcultures that seem distant, if not extinct, is the trademark of director Addison Cook. When he's not checking out the Chrysler drag races in New Jersey (as documented in his *Favorite Mopar*), he can be found uncovering other pieces of obscure Americana. Such is the case with Cook's new documentary, *Wildgirl's Go-Go Rama*.

In *Go-Go Rama*, Cook takes on the world of East coast go-go dancing through the often-cloudy eyes of the participants. Shot on location in and around the sweaty go-go dives of Coney Island, Cook's film primarily documents the contributions of radio DJ Erica "Wildgirl" Peterson, to the go-go scene



Known largely for her lauded WFMU program "Rock and Racing," Peterson felt that her followers would get a thrill seeing go-go dancing the way it was in the late 60's. She decided to put on a full-scale event that would mix her wild assortment of music with the

excitement of the early TV dance programs like *Shindig* and *Hullabuloo*. Hence, the first Wildgirl's Go-Go Rama event was born.

Surprisingly enough, the response to the first Wildgirl event was overwhelming. Since then, it has become a regular gag on Coney Island. What with people staggering in and out of the clubs, drunk on cheap beer and humid

weather, the go-go scene has been virtually re-invented.

Yet, with all this talk of sweaty dancers, hot clubs and drunk patrons,



Addison Cook demonstrates his "Mr. Cool" persona.



B U N J I M B A R T O O



The many expressions of go-go dancing euphoria.

those involved still maintain that the genre is far from conventional and even farther from what the mainstream thinks it is. While middle-of-the-road strip joints cater almost exclusively to people out for a sexual experience, many on the go-go circuit believe that the crowds they attract are more into the playfulness rather than the sexuality.

"It's not about sex," said one dancer. "It's about being secure and being assured of yourself."

Peterson admits that her impression may differ slightly from the average fan as well.

"Maybe men come to Go-Go Rama and see something other than what I see," she ponders, "But I really enjoy seeing girls dressed up in costumes to dance."

Director Addison Cook also feels that the general public is misinformed when it comes to the reality of Go-Go Rama. "The go-go dancer has become misinterpreted," he explains. "Go-go dancer is now interpreted as *stripper*. Whereas during the *Laugh-In* days, it was a dancer. It wasn't about sex, it was about the sexual nature of the music."

Yet, while most of the women interviewed in the film believe that their work is not exploitative, their interpretations are extremely varied. A generalized definition would be tough to come up with.

"Women were made to dance," Peterson continues. "And I don't put girls on stage for men to stare at. I put girls on stage because girls are beautiful and girls know

how to rock & roll."

Another tries to exemplify the defining difference between their work, and the hard-core bump and grind of the flesh-club scene. "With Go-Go Rama, it's more

**"WITH GO-
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IT'S MORE A
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AND THEIR
SEXUALITY."
—ERICA PETERSON**

a matter of women expressing themselves and their sexuality and movement." She goes on to say that it is not about "having to do it for money or for a particular audience, but [about] doing it because it feels right."

This brings up another interesting point. Though most of the women are comfortable with the image and show they

are putting on, are the average fans any less sexist in their motives for showing up? "It's an entirely different aesthetic," director Cook comments. "At a club, you're walking in and for whatever reason, you're getting hustled for a buck. At Wildgirl shows, there's no tip or drink enforcement. It's much more of a rock and roll theatre piece than it is a hustle for your buck."

Another feature that seems to be tighter than their nude counterparts are Peterson's list of rules. One dancer described them quickly and to the point. "No titties, no poontang, no touching each other, no touching the audience." She also adds "No hustle involved, if you take tips you take them in your hand or in your boots...no where else."

By now, one might be wondering, what with all the rules and all the things that go-go dancing is not about, why then is it such the rage? The main response is that the whole event is simply fun. "I think [Go-Go Rama] is better than a [regular ropless] go-go bar," says Cook, "because maybe you're not seeing so much flesh, but it's something you can enjoy with your male or female partner."

He also thinks that overall, the audience still gets more bang for their buck. "It's more accessible. There's less hustle. There's a lot more things going on than just sitting there with a drink in your hand watching some woman remove her clothes for money."

Another dancer described the setting as being conducive to romance and that



"THERE'S A
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—ADDISON COOK

couples often have a great time and get in the mood for love because of the overflowing energy. The average male follower doesn't necessarily fit that mold, or any other generic one for that matter. Director Cook admits that the crowd is as eclectic as the girls who perform. "A lot of the people are Wildgirl's fans and they know about the event," he says enthusiastically. "But you also get a lot of curiosity seekers who stroll right in off the boardwalk. I think you do get some of that strip club element," he continues. "But they are probably more overwhelmed by the entire atmosphere and I think they appreciate what's going on even though there's no nudity involved. It's definitely two different deals."

Still, as some people attend the Wildgirl events for the hope of seeing some scantily clad babes do the bump and grind, so too come the misconceptions that are arguably go-go dancing's biggest nemesis. Living in the PC '90s, the idea that women strutting their stuff to a crowd of predominantly male onlookers is still widely looked down upon. On the acceptability scale, go-go dancing is only a few rungs above peep-show porn houses and the Mustang Ranch. It is a problem that Peterson and Co. are always trying to conquer. "The term 'go-go girl' has been completely redefined and misdefined and bastardized in the last twenty or so years," Wildgirl charges. "I'm trying to redefine

it again so it means what it meant when you watched *Shindig* on TV and saw eight girls in matching outfits doing the Pony with their hair all flying around."

Cook also found himself being put in



the role of educator with this project, depicting what he feels is the true essence of the genre.

"Contemporary audiences see go-go and they link that with stripping," Cook says. "And it's like, 'Hey guy, there's a tradition of go-go dancing that has nothing to do with stripping.' It's about rock 'n roll and girls doing non-stop, high energy marathon dancing."

High energy huh? With the wild assortment of limbs and hairdos flailing away to the rhythmic beats, the viewer

can't help but notice some of the dazed and oftentimes enigmatic expressions on the mugs of the dancers. This leads to the question of just how many of these women perform with the aid of what John Prine called an "illegal smile."

"I can't really speak for any of the dancers," director Cook laughs. "But I do remember refusing a dripping bag of mushrooms that was shoved in my face by a frenzied participant. It was hotter than hell and it was like...anything goes." Far from characterizing the partaking as a serious problem, Cook notes that since the girls do the shows in their spare time, they are entitled to a little fun. "You can hardly

blame these women," he continues. "Most of them are regular working girls. Who can blame them for having a couple of beers before you jump up on stage and start grinding. It's not something you do in your regular,



everyday life."

That seems to be the main point stressed throughout the film. Average women doing something that they have a good time at. Cook has all the admiration in the world for them. "I think it's pretty ballsy for most of them to just get up there," he stresses. "And it's totally




Could that be an "illegal" smile these dancers are enjoying? (We aren't telling...really.)

unrehearsed and a lot of them are strangers to each other. Wildcat brings them together and makes it all work. And work it does, not just for the trim and gorgeous. One dancer remarked how universal the form is in its acceptance of anyone with talent to offer. The best thing about Go-Go Rama is that there are all kinds of

women dancing, she says. "Tall, short, large, small, petite. Anything goes. And it that isn't feminist, and that isn't the total expression of femininity—to have any kind of woman with any kind of body or costumes, that is the epitome of feminism."

So, it would appear that as long as there

are fun-loving women and a receptive audience, Go-Go Rama will be here for quite a while. Why not? As one dancer eloquently put it: "I met my husband at Go-Go Rama, how bad can it be?" 

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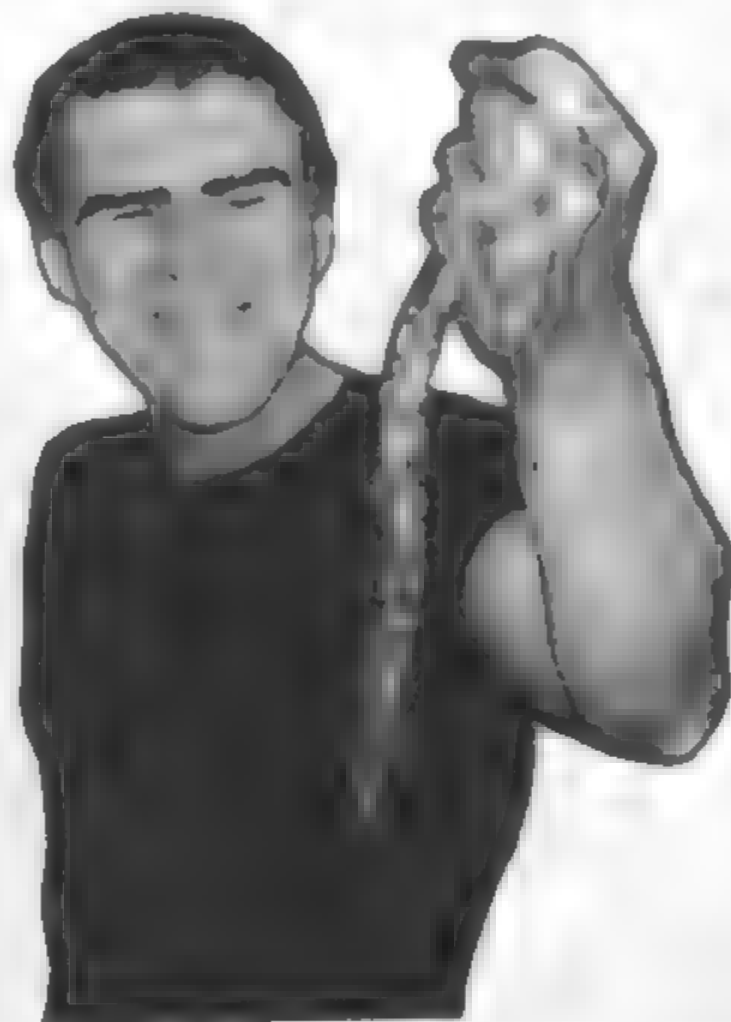
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Simon is a very nice fellow - he tends the grounds at the neighborhood church, adores his pet piranha fish and occasionally kills someone. He's very good at his work and has enjoyed a quiet, uncomplicated life. That's all changed when a new killer comes to town and starts racking up the body count and getting all sorts of attention from the media and the police department. Simon is at first annoyed by the amount of press the "Senses Taker" receives but eventually jealousy takes over and Simon can no longer be content to perform his craft quietly. He begins to take bold steps to get his share of media fame. The battle of the network serial killers is on!

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THE DOPE ON THE POPE



BY JIM BARTOO

Jimmy Swaggart, Jerry Falwell, Oral Roberts and that guy with the rainbow wigs at the football games; amateurs, the lot of 'em. With the price of redemption and salvation just a quick phone-in donation away, America has become a cesspool for fly-by-night TV preachers. But with THE POPE OF UTAH, filmmaker Chaim Bianco does to televangelism what Jim Baker did to Jessica Hahn. Sadly, very few televangelists kill them-

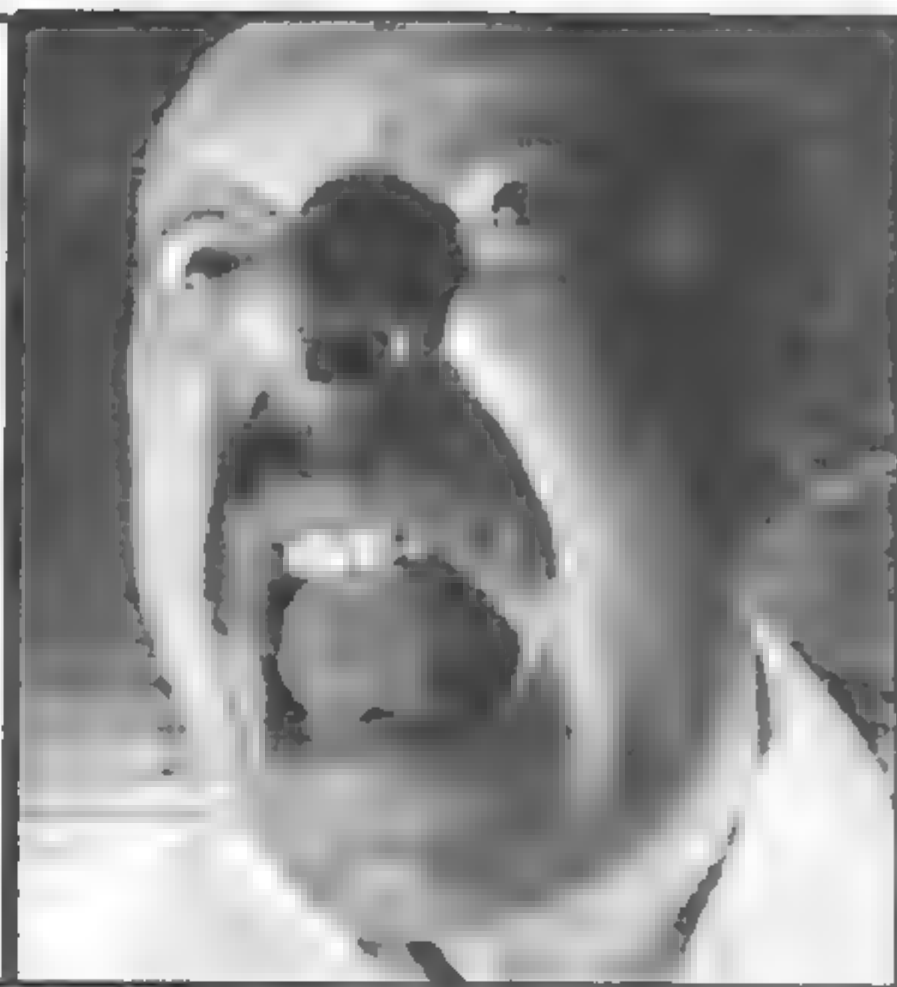


ON ANY MID SIZED CABLE SYSTEM, THERE ARE AT least two 24 hour "religious" stations yelling out fire and brimstone to anyone who will listen. If you own a satellite dish, expect *your* fate to be much worse. Billion dollar satellites beam in cross-referenced, digitally encoded feeds from such exotic sites as Orange County, CA, Virginia Beach, VA, and an undisclosed bunker just south of Jalisco, Mexico.

Most of these clowns don't know how far they can go before the dam explodes. Far too many have tried to stay one step of the game, only to find that their ministries and their followers' waters are now seeking salvation elsewhere. It's a beautiful process; pure capitalism in a competitive workplace. The strong can keep on

"You just enjoy these moments when they're up there and their make-up is streaming down their faces."

—Bianco on televangelists



Mel (Lee Golden) doesn't enjoy life much.

picking up lonely windows, while pulling in \$500,000-a-week in phone pledges

The key is never letting your opponent know just *how* sleazy you are. The typical contributor or supporter will rarely give a bible-belter a second chance when it comes to a little action on the side. But a televangelist whose bank book is off by several hundred thousand dollars can be forgiven.

It's a simple aphorism about not burning the locals; keep your nose clean for your people and everything stays its glorious self. Get caught banging the church secretary, you and the Mrs. can expect the weight of the world to come sniffing out of every orifice of your life.

These are just a few of the rules that are overlooked in Chaim Bianco and Steven Saylor's *The Pope of Utab*, a treacherous trip to the power-mad universe of the not-so-distant-future...cable preacher style.

In *Pope*, we are introduced to the Reverend Melvis Pressin (Tom McCarthy), a half-Elvis, half-Swaggart televangelist whose top-rated praise show, has elevated him to the status of superstar. Spouting off dogma with the mock sincer-

ity of a dog-fight promoter, Melvis swindles old ladies out of their life savings as easily as any ace car salesman could unload



Melvis' high tech pulpit is impressively depicted by Bianco despite *Pope*'s low-budget production budget.

a lemon. Life is good.

On the other side of the coin is Mel's old friend Del (Lee Golden). Del's life has neither the fame nor the admiration of the good Reverend. He spends most of his time editing movies for Melvis' religious network even though his real passion is comedy. A spurned career, that he blames on his wife, continues to haunt him into the latter part of middle age.

Ironically, the two are strangely connected with the truth they know about one another. Del knew Melvis when he was

still Melrose Pressin, the same two-bit loser he is today, minus the millions of dollars. Likewise, Melvis knew Del when his show business career was still a plausible goal. Knowing that both are perpetrating a fraud upon their peers, the two grapple with their shaky camaraderie while trying to continue their various dreams.

The main realization that this story is taking place in the future is the superb technology that Melvis and Del work with on a regular basis. Melvis' show is absolutely dependent on his computer-assisted crew hitting the right keys at the right time. The perfect backdrop is loaded behind him on cue every time he changes subject. Del, while respecting and utilizing technology, is more interested in finding a way to harness it for his optimum benefit.

In watching *Pope*, it would be easy for one to assume that filmmakers Bianco and Saylor have a lot of locked up resentment towards the televangelist community. Melvis is shown to be a lying womanizer with no moral character whatsoever. Yet Chaim Bianco doesn't see it this way.

"I never really hated any of the [televangelists]," Bianco says. "I always found them to be very entertaining. Jimmy Swaggart was always one of my favorites. In fact, some of his favorite performances come at the expense of the bad-boys of Christianity."

You just enjoy these moments when they're up there crying and their makeup



Melvis' computer-operating controllers keep the ministry on track.

is streaming down their faces," he continues. To this end, Melvis is in very good company. His own impending disaster late in the film finds him delivering a performance that Swaggart himself would be proud of.

In any film depicting a character that lacks integrity and abuses power, there are victims. As the many children who allege misconduct by priests can attest, the victims are as diverse as the people who administer the wrongdoing. In *The Pope of Utab* however, it is not altogether clear, who is victim and who is abuser.

The obvious first-look answer would be that the immortal Melvis is hurting everyone he comes in contact with. Be that as it may, there are some different takes on the subject. Del's dissatisfaction with his life centers on what he considers to be the betrayal of his wife against him. Marrying her only because her father owned the TV station, Del is furious when the station is sold. Seeing that he will never get his comedy act on TV, he overlooks the fact that she married him for love, not money or recognition.

Director Bianco is able to make a distinction between the two however. "Everybody seems to be so diluted and in their own world," he explains, "that they are all like temporary victims.

And then the end is like heaven and they get redeemed."

By their actions though, one could argue a strong case for either protagonist being the lesser evil. Both seem worthy of great punishment though; Melvis, for deceiving the masses and Del for blaming his wife for his failures.

"I think Del has much more energy," Bianco explains. That part at the end where Del cuts loose...he's gone just so totally over the

edge that you kind of respect him a little more than Melvis. Melvis is just a hack."

Whatever conclusions the audience may make, it is unlikely that they will condemn either as boring. Del's relentless obsession with how his life should have been makes you almost feel for him. Everyone can relate to missed opportuni-

ties and outcomes to roads never traveled. Yet, in Del's case, it was his greed and self-centered lifestyle that drove him to his living hell.

As for Melvis, his perseverance, however disgusting and reprehensible it may be, gets him the life he has always sought. His impassioned performances in front of the TV cameras are not entirely the fraud that they seem. Though he's swindling his followers out of their money, his actual act is sincere in the sense that performing and being a star was always his biggest goal. In the same sense that many consider televangelism to be just another form of entertainment, Melvis simply takes that ascertainment literally.

If you're looking for meaning to the film however, don't expect any help from Bianco. *Pope* is a piece of entertainment rather than a lesson in spirituality or morality.

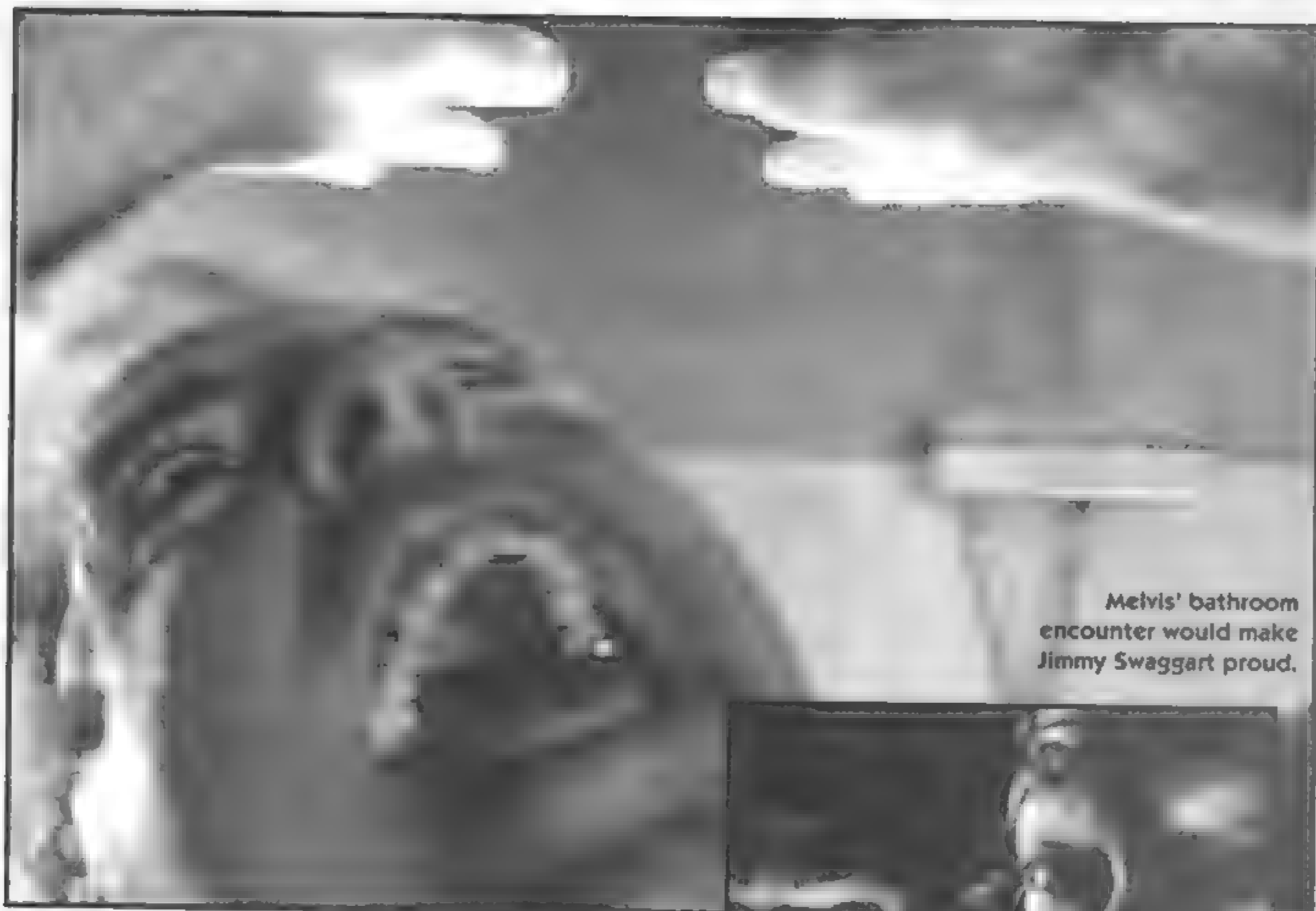
"The moral is to not get caught having sex with a cheerleader in a men's room," Bianco laughs at the thought of someone analyzing Melvis' downfall for inspiration. "I don't know, [the film] really is not about a moral, it's just one person's story."

One person's story indeed. For a film that was originally a thesis project for Bianco and Saylor's Masters Degree at Temple University, it became quite a bit more. Taking more than a year to finish (the two actually graduated before the film was completed) at a cost of about \$40,000, *Pope* is a fine study in both student filmmaking and the woes of financing one's own project.

Besides the restraints of filming a story about a man in Utah, without the budget to film in Utah (The two shot their film in their hometown of Philadelphia), there were the other usual problems.

"No one thing was the biggest problem or obstacle," Bianco explains. Separate and unique things such as getting actors together, time constraints

"The moral is to not get caught having sex with a cheerleader in a men's room."



Melvis' bathroom encounter would make Jimmy Swaggart proud.

and the inevitable running out of money all played their individual roles in the process of finishing the lengthy project. One money problem that faced the filmmakers however didn't count on the ingenuity of Chaim and Steve.

"At one point, I needed \$1,200 for an additional print of the film," Bianco reminisces. "And instead of hitting a few people up for the money, I just asked a bunch of different friends for \$40. It's just enough money that most people didn't think it was a big deal."

"I would find an excuse to go for a walk with these people," he continues, "And we would end up going past a bank and I'd get them to withdraw \$40. On the smaller level, it doesn't hurt as much, it's just a couple of twenties."

Apparently the time and effort, both artistically and economically, was worthwhile. *The Pope of Utab* won top honors at the Chicago Underground Film Festival and has already received distribution in Europe. Yet, the idea of releasing the film nationally has not really been an option.

"I think if we can get good video distribution," Bianco says, "we will be able to

get the film seen by a lot more people." With the humorous appeal of his characters and the riveting graphics effects, Bianco feels that he and Saylor might be able to make a little money *and* pay everyone back.

Currently working on another graphic-laden project, Bianco is paying the bills in a, not-too-surprising, computer-related job. It is through his extensive knowledge of computers that he was able to bring to life a great deal of *Pope's* story.

"I did all of the computer graphic things myself, using a number of different programs," he said. One such scene features Del exchanging the head of an X-rated porn actor in the midst of a sexual encounter, with the likeness of Melvis. The eventual outcome would make the creators of the Video Toaster proud.

For his next project, *Sex Town*, Bianco is planning on putting his computer to some rather imaginative use. Based on a fictitious location, the filmmaker will let the viewer experience what the customers



are getting into. "There will be a lot of virtual reality stuff," Bianco explains. "There will be these really weird and disgusting sex creatures that people can go to town with from their virtual reality booths. That to me, is a sick and rather interesting concept," he laughs.

With Bianco working on *Sex Town*, don't expect there to be a follow-up to *The Pope of Utab* anytime soon. "We could have Melvis and Del in heaven causing all kinds of trouble," Bianco laughs. "But unless the video audience demands it, I think we've seen the end of Melvis."

Perhaps, but most viewers would probably settle for Melvis' contemporaries beaming their 1260-kv uplinks from a state correctional facility that doesn't allow toll-free numbers. **[END]**

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HEH, HEH, SHE SAID "G-SPOT"

FTVG's current G-Spot enthusiast, JENNIFER LOCKWOOD, gets to the bottom of female ejaculation and other pleasantries with instructional filmmaker DORRIE LANE.

OKAY, BOYS AND GIRLS, it's time for class. Today we are going to play a game called "Let's find your G-Spot." We're going to learn how to ejaculate, and we are going to use the puppet called the "Wondrous Vulva" for a demonstration. Are you ready? Okay, Here we go..

The video production company House O'Chicks has bestowed upon us two homemade, instructional, no-budget videos titled, *How To Find Your Goddess Spot* and *The Magic of Female Ejaculation*. For all you men out there who fondle a woman like you are fumbling for a map from the glove compartment (you know who you are), next time you can reach for the map entitled "Map to the Wondrous Vulva" and you might learn how to do it right! This *actual* map (demonstrated in the G-Spot video but you must order separately) is equipped with directions, easy to understand symbols, a legend and "points of interest" to help you "find your way through the scenic and beautiful WONDROUS VULVA." Here's a taste of what you can find in the map: The inner labia, generally speaking, like to be traveled in a variety of ways, think of them as a two-way road that is slippery when wet. You'll find fingers, tongues, vibrators and other toys on this smooth road



While not actually in the G-Spot video, this babe displays the wondrous vulva puppet. (Beats the hell out of Barney.)

I had a chance to speak with Dorrie Lane, age 42, hostess of *Magic and G-Spot* and she let me in on some inside information. House O'Chicks is a production company owned by women whose goal is to create a positive attitude around women's sexuality and to get women to the point where they're no longer ashamed of it.

"Basically, along with the vulva puppet, the vulva map, and the female ejaculation booklet our whole goal is to create images of women's sexuality in a positive way," says Lane. "The Wondrous Vulva Puppet is anatomically correct, giving us a hands-on experience of the different erogenous pleasure zones of the vulva. It's made out of velvets and satins—it's very soft," she adds.

The puppet was designed by Dorrie and her lover. "We started creating vulvas out of various materials, I used to play catcher in softball league and I was very comfortable with the catcher's mitt." The puppet does resemble a mitt, and "is used as a tool for releasing shame, guilt and ignorance, as well as a symbol of

mystery and ecstasy."

Along with the puppet, instructional maps, diagrams, and references from ancient cultures that acknowledge female fluids, we also observe Dorrie masturbate to ejaculation. She

just sets up the camera herself (which might explain some of the technical difficulties), lays down in front of it, and begins to masturbate. When I asked her if she would have been uncomfortable if there was a cameraperson in the room, she replied, "Well, because I'm an exhibitionist, no, it doesn't matter to me. In fact I like it when there is somebody else in the room. It's not really an issue for me at all."

Her agenda is just to get the information out, to show that she can do this herself, and to show women that they don't need to depend on a union with another person to be taken care of or be sexually fulfilled. "I want my videos to be very graphic, because I don't want the veil of secrecy and shame to get in the way," claims Dorrie. I, personally, was a little surprised when she pulled out a vibrator to masturbate with and thought maybe she was giving women the impression that you couldn't ejaculate without one. "The reason I used a vibrator is because it's much faster," she later explained.

So, by now you may be wondering, what the hell is female ejaculation, and saying to yourself, 'I thought a G-Spot was the moldy goop in my refrigerator labeled 'G' for garbanzo beans.' But no, it isn't.

"Ejaculation is a more complete orgasm, you know, not in the sense that it is a better orgasm, but that there's more a feeling of completion," says Dorrie.

Many women get ejaculating confused with peeing (to tell you the truth, she spurted out so much stuff, that I thought it was pee). Well, it's not pee! *[Bullshit!—Ed]* "That stuff is called ejaculate or prostatic fluid and ejaculation is the same function for women as it is for men," says Dorrie. "And it smells like what you are that day—gross!"

In the pamphlet that accompanies the video, she describes how she ejaculates: "About 3/4 of the way [into self-arousal], when I begin to peak, I push out. I generally ejaculate within seconds, sometimes a large spurt or gush and sometimes just a dribble...I can ejaculate on my back, my knees and various other positions. Keep in mind there is no correct position in orgasms."

Dorrie also discusses exercises women can do to help achieve ejaculation, like breathing air-energy into your clitoris, and squeezing your pubococcygeus (say that 10



Dorrie Lane is the creator and host of the G-Spot vid.

times) muscles. According to Dorrie there has been a lot of misinformation about female sexuality in general, but more specifically about the G-Spot (or Goddess Spot as she calls it). The G-Spot is not so difficult to find and she claims that a woman can find it on her own and does not necessarily need a partner. Ready for

"I want my videos to be very graphic, because I don't want the veil of secrecy and shame to get in the way."

—DORRIE LANE

your sex-ed lesson now, kiddies? "It's not that far up the vagina, a lot of people are mistaken about the G-Spot because what it is literally, is a sponge that surrounds the urethral tubes, and the urethral tube is right on the outside of the vagina, right on the upper edge. So, you don't need more

than a finger—maybe an inch—to go in and reach it," Dorrie confirms.

Along with making videos, Dorrie is busy educating, entertaining, and performing sexual services for the community. In her performances, she changes costumes, going from a schoolteacher to a stripper to a sacred prostitute. One of her costumes is a totally anatomically correct replica of a woman's vulva, showing the muscular structure that is never seen.

What will we be seeing from Dorrie and the House O'Chicks in the future? Dorrie is right now in production of a video on sacred sexual rituals for yourself and her next will be a sacred ritual for a group of women. Her third video will costar her daughter and demonstrate how she explained sex to her—aimed at parents who have difficulty talking about sex with their children. "Since I don't have any shame and my daughter doesn't have any shame, we are the perfect pair to sit down and share that information with people who need it," she proudly boasts.

Well good luck, Dorrie, but hey, I was a little disappointed that I did not receive the complimentary mini-vibrator, rubber glove, and waterproof pad (hint, hint). Hopefully in the future we'll see your videos in our local supermarkets.

"That's my total goal," claims Dorrie. "To get it into K-Mart where people can buy it right next to the tampons and the condoms." **[TM]**

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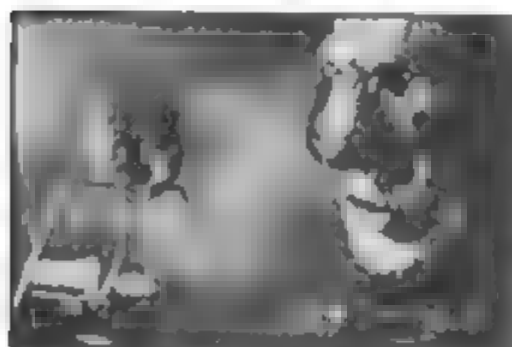
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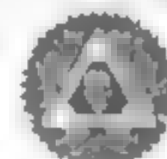


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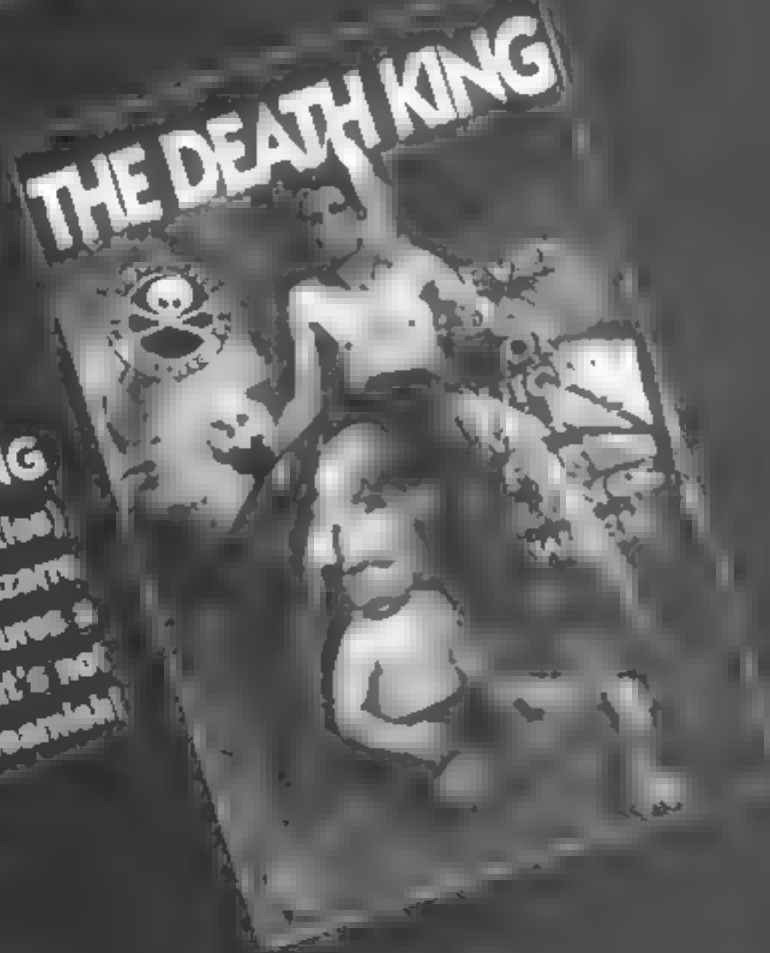
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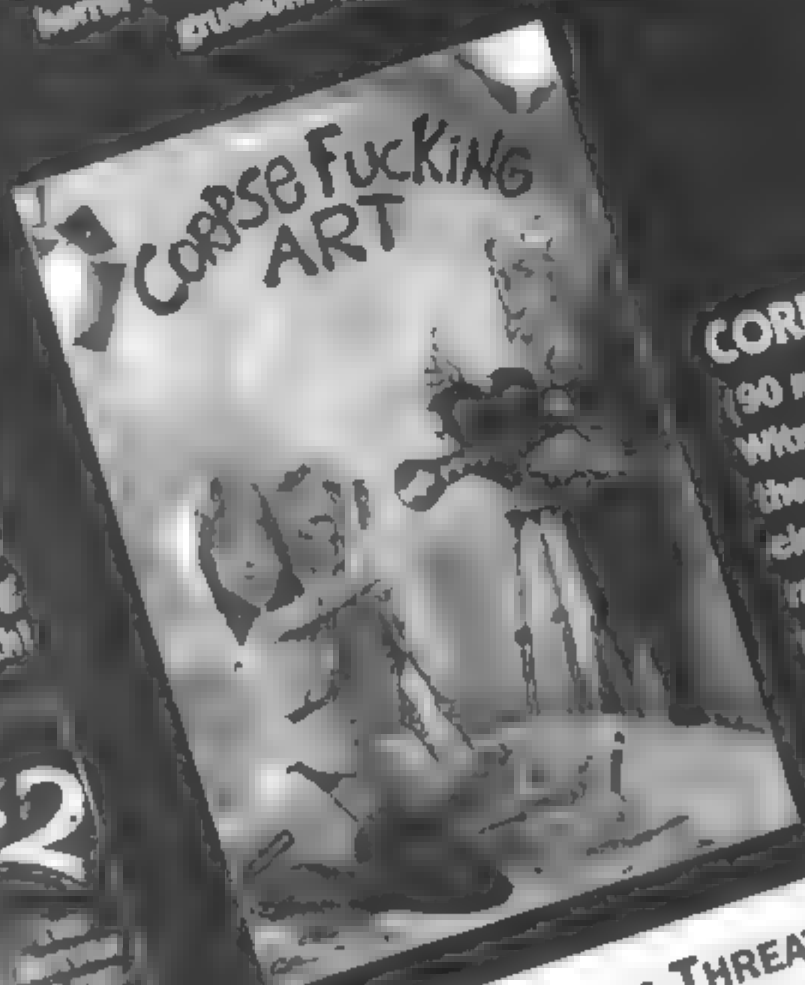
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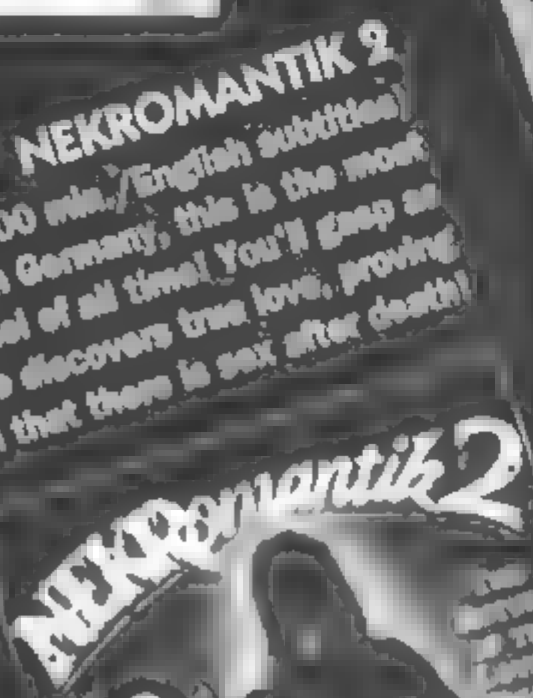
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SEX ADD

Think you're a sexual dullard? Be happy that you are and not the subject of the upcoming documentary, I AM A SEX ADDICT.

EVERYONE has skeletons in their closet," seems to be the underlying premise behind *I Am A Sex Addict*. And so it is, where in this film we meet a series of regular looking folk, who you wouldn't blink an eye at if you met them walking down the street, confessing to all sorts of sexual behavior that could be construed as *irregular*.

But there is another, not so obvious theme to this documentary that makes it stand out. Financed by England's government-run TV channel, the BBC, filmmakers Vikram Jayanti and Jon Powers adopt a certain attitude which adds another dimension to the material. The British attitude of "Oh look, it's those wacky Americans just carrying on as normal," seeps its way through the entire show. When we know of course that not



PAULA, A NURSE
"It was the weirdest phenomenon, I'd be doing something and then I'd hear a bell and go, 'Oh, Oh, something's gonna happen tonight.' And I'd have to try harder since I'm no little girl in a fru-fru dress."

every person in this fine country of ours has to fornicate 33 times a night. Although, if some of us could, maybe we would

The piece starts out by introducing us to an array of characters who all believe they



have extraordinary sex lives. While no MTV music video, it begins with a speedy editing

LORRI/LAYLA, A COMPUTER CONSULTANT AND PORN STAR

"The most times I had it in one night was 33. But it wasn't that many men 'cause some came back more than once." While Lorri suffers from a split personality, she can still justify with the best of them.

form where we learn each interviewee's name (Note: This is the only time we will see their names which tends to distract since their names are easily forgotten after 80 mins.)

While most of the filming involves sit-down interviews, the

camera often plays fly-on-the-wall and follows each subject in their environment. Gradually by the end of the piece, the viewer finds out a lot of

P R E V I E W B Y D O M I N I C G R I F F I N

DICTS!

info from these characters, in fact maybe too much, but it is a wonderfully compelling piece of work

Powers and Jayanti deftly edit the interviews so we never become bored with the one subject, quickly jumping



DAVE, AN ACCOUNTANT

"Screw you, I should be allowed to go find people like me. You should be grateful that I'm not some kind of maniac. If I didn't have an outlet for it, I would say there's a chance I would go crazy. I would eventually have to satisfy myself against someone else's will."



RICKY, MILITARY PERSONNEL


"...And with the cockatiel I remember pulling it out of the cage. Sex addiction has its drawbacks but...." Ricky crosses that line.

LOGAN, MILITARY PERSONNEL

"I was going to the bathroom 4 times a day to masturbate. If I didn't enter therapy, I felt I might have become a child molester."



to the next confession. The filmmakers also do a terrific job at making the viewer analyze themselves. The interviews begin with pretty normal confessions where you're left saying to yourself, "Big deal, So you like to go home with someone after one date," or "Okay, whips and chains." In fact, most liberally-minded person has probably engaged in a lot of the activities mentioned. They really ain't that big a deal, but by the end of the film, the confessions have transgressed to the point where maybe, just maybe, some of these people need to seek some counselling

To be distributed theatrically by Stranger Than Fiction Films, (*Hated* and *Chicken Hawk*), *I Am A Sex Addict* continues the fine tradition they have set forth 

Look for more coverage on *I Am A Sex Addict* next in issue



TOR

TURE, INC.

Filmmaker Guy Benoit gets to the heart (and elsewhere) in **CROSLEY FIVER**, his short tale of pain, fear and rotary saws.

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE EVER experienced the euphoric pleasures of casual sex, welcome to the horrors of such indulgence, courtesy of Guy Benoit's *Crosley Fiver*. This twenty minute film is not a follow up to Arsenio Hall's *Time Out* video on AIDS, but rather it takes us on a wrenching psychological journey to the "other" terrifying repercussions of a one night stand. In this short time we see the nerve racking and impending consequences that a wham-bam-thank-you-mam yuppie scum experiences. Kidnapped after a lustful evening of sex with an overly sensitive and highly pissed off woman from his office, he awakens to find himself in the basement of a warehouse, duct taped to a wheelchair. In front of him lies a large circular saw, strategically placed in front of his genitalia. The only communication he has is with an antique Crosley Fiver radio echoing the voices of an omniscient man's voice mixed with that of an unidentified female. The questions begin: (1) The woman you slept with, were her ears pierced?; (2) How many scars did she have on her body and where were they located?; (3) Did you make her come? If he answers one wrong, the blade activates and comes a bit closer to tearing him a new asshole. [Aren't you referring to a different part of his anatomy?—Ed] Imagine your fate being determined by having to answer three questions correctly about the person you just climbed out of bed with. Most of us couldn't answer these queries after going out with someone for years, let alone after one round of self-indulgent fornication.

How does the film vividly portray such a great shock sequence in only twenty minutes? You might say a bit differently than most suspense thrillers. The construction of the *Crosley Fiver* is straightforward and simple—no blood, no guts, no gore. We actually never see the saw rip him to shreds or even whether he answers the third question correctly (speaking from his male ego—or dick—he

defiantly answers, "YES! Of course!"). Yet the suspense built by Benoit with clever editing and careful pacing is the most effective aspect of the film. It keeps you on the edge—anticipating the grisly end that never comes.

Writer/director Benoit has his definition of shock value, explaining, "I'm not a tremendous fan of extremely convoluted plots. Maybe it's because I just don't have the mind set for it. I like something you can put forward in a sentence or in this case three questions. Like a man has to answer three questions correctly or he's gonna die or you have to get out of town or I'm gonna kill you. And then it's just the inclusion of the details that can usually make or break a film. So you can have a film with all the plot twists and turns in the world but if the acting isn't there or if the details aren't there and if the characters are just stick figures then it's going to be nothing.

Obviously, money also has a lot to do with how complicated a film is going to be. If you're Oliver Stone, you have the cash to portray violence via blood and guts, although this is the choice he makes to depict the violence. As for *Crosley Fiver*, Benoit says, "We only had X amount of money to do it and of course when you only have a twenty minute film your not going to introduce seventeen characters and have a parade in the middle of it. You have to be as economical as possible."

But both of these schools contain the two elements of a successful film—sex and violence, regardless of how they are executed. Some people find it much more effective if gore is used as opposed to pure tension. But Benoit thinks differently in the case of *Crosley Fiver*, saying, "I lean more toward a tension piece. I think gore as an effect or as sort of a punctuation is a really brilliant thing. For instance, in *A Clockwork Orange* there isn't, for all intents and purposes, a lot of blood and gore. There is a lot of violence but it is depicted realistically, like when

B Y C L A I R E C A R N E Y

Alex is at the police station or watching those films. I'm not of the school that employs a succession of increasingly violent images to create an effect."

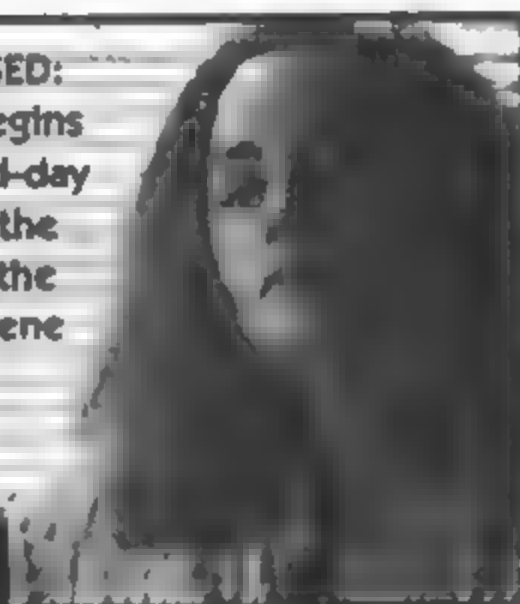
Benoit instead comes from the Hitchcockian school of filmmaking, as he creates tension and leaves it up to the audience to imagine the horrific ramifications. The shower scene in *Psycho* is one of the most famous moments in horror history, yet we don't actually see the famed stabbing. But, as in *Crosley Fiver*, we still get the chilling effect.

Benoit stresses that the film originated as he was living in Philadelphia, which he felt at the time was a city in a state of incredible urban squaller. "The buildings were falling apart and there were these construction sites that were constantly abandoned and unfinished with tools lying in the streets," he remembers.

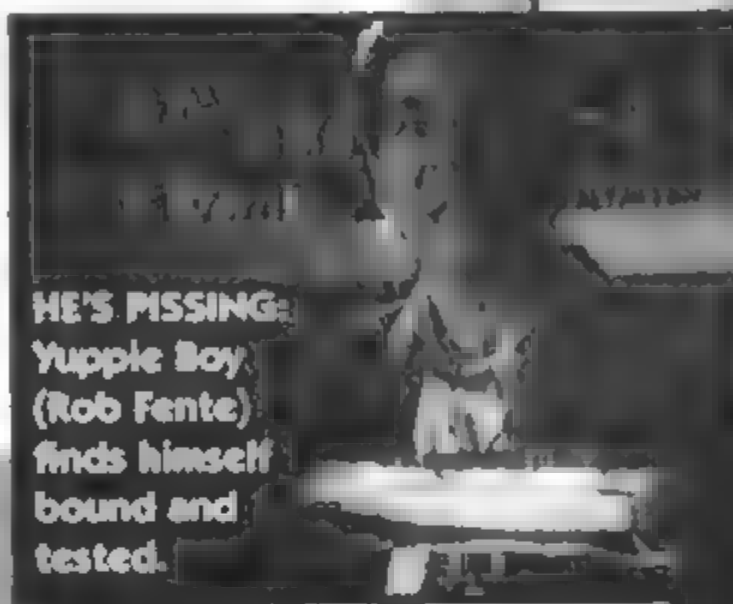
After finishing *Fiver*, he realized that the idea must have sprung from this urban wasteland. He casually notes that David Lynch shot *Eraserhead* once he got out of Philadelphia. "So maybe it's something in the water there," the filmmaker jokes.

Benoit got part of the concept for *Fiver* from a friend who wanted to make a film about a guy who has a bad experience when he goes to sleep and wakes up in the morning only to find that his organs are missing—kidneys, gall bladder, etcetera. "I thought that was a hell of an idea," says Benoit. "But then I read a news story about something similar to that and then I read another story in one of those urban legend

SHE'S PISSED:
Trouble begins after a mid-day tryst with the girl down the hall (Colleene Kiley).



HE'S MISSING:
Yuppie Boy (Rob Fente) finds himself bound and tested.



the Satellite Boys of Providence, Rhode Island. As he so eloquently puts it, "I'd like to do a fucked up children's show with them. Like Captain Kangaroo gone bad."

Move over Barney, Benoit's coming at you

Some will be animatedly pissed off at the end of *Fiver*


because there are no organs hanging off the rafters. But if you're like some of us who would rather not see the bloody details, then this film is everything you need.

Even though Benoit doesn't spill any blood, he got mine pumping.

The filmmaker is also aware of the extreme reactions to *Fiver's* ending, explaining, "There are some people who scream 'COP OUT' and want to run you out of town and crank call you in the middle of the night. The film has really polarized reactions—people out into it forever or their not into it at all."

Is *Crosley Fiver* a *Fatal Attraction*-type film intended to slap men on the wrist? Maybe should have been written by riot girls to teach all those scumballs out there a lesson (or maybe perhaps me on occasion). But one of the most inspirational aspects is that it was made by a man commenting on the male ego. Benoit has

often been entreated into admitting *Fiver* is about female orgasm, which he was not intending it to be, but, as he says, "If it is to some people, then that's cool—there's nothing wrong with female orgasm at all."

I'd have to say Benoit is all right in my book, and this shocker will make you think twice about the next person you hop in the sack with. 



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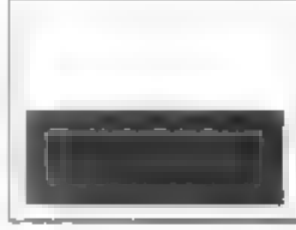
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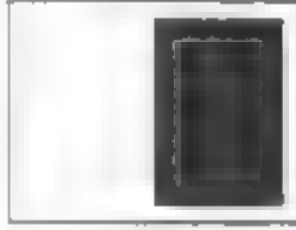
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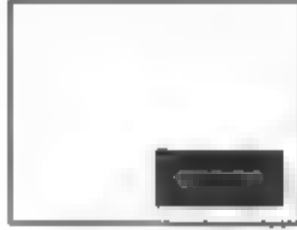
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NYU152) Are you tired of short films that make you wish you were dead? Watch as a peep show dancer explodes in *Queen Mercy*, see a man practically beat his son to death courtesy of *Screaming Chigger Productions*, and hear a real life killer describe how being a small town loser drove him to violence in *Pleasant Hill, USA*. Not enough? Hear the tortured screams from the local graveyard in *Rosa Mi Amour* and experience the hallucinations of a strung out addict in *Detritus*. (90 min.) \$29.95

CORPSE FUCKING ART *

CFA122) Interviews and behind-the-scenes footage explain *Nekromantik* director Jorg Buttgereit's cinematrocity— with rare stills, gore effect secrets and unreleased scenes. Includes *Hot Love*, the pre-*Nekro* shocker! (90 min.) \$29.95

THE CRAZY NEVER DIE

CND149) The Doctor is now on video in this exclusive Hunter S. Thompson documentary! Watch him drink, write, rant and golf! This is a must for all Gonzo wannabes and guaranteed to amaze even the most jaded HST experts. Features cover art by Ralph Steadman. (30 min.) \$24.95

DARKNESS * (DRK143) The most grisly vampire horror tale yet concocted, this film offers a blood-thirsty plague of the undead run amok! The exploding head meltdown finale will leave even the most jaded gorehound reeling with disgust. (90 min.) \$29.95

THE DEATH KING *

DKG106) Seven suicides make for a week of bizarre horror from Jorg Buttgereit. Features a gruesome

Nazi torture scene not for the squeamish! (80 min./English subtitles) \$29.95

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HARDCORE: THE FILMS OF RICHARD KERN VOL I *

(HCR107) This compilation includes such evil NY-underground classics as *You Killed Me First*, *Submit To Me*, and *The Right Side of My Brain* specially edited by Kern exclusively for FTV. Features Lydia Lunch, Lung Leg, Henry Rollins and music by Foetus. (90 min.) \$29.95

HARDCORE KERN VOL II *

(HCR111) Another exclusive collection. Includes the legendary Lydia Lunch collaboration *Fingered* and the notorious *Evil Cameraman*. Featuring Sonic Youth and Foetus. (90 min.) \$29.95

HATED: GG ALLIN & THE MURDER JUNKIES *

(HAT132) Completed just before his death, *Hated* captures all the sound and fury that was GG Allin—who broke parole to appear in the film. Here is not only Allin's live act that drew the curious, but the injuries, police activity and rock'n'roll savagery that is his legacy. Also contains exclusive footage of Allin's equally unusual funeral! (60 min.) \$24.95

MALICIOUS INTENT (MAL149) Lydia Lunch assaults all you hold dear in this stunning three part LIVE performance tape that challenges not only the audience, but the entire sexist, racist, violence-prone world that inspires her poetic savagery. A must-have for all serious followers. (90 min.) \$29.95

MY SWEET SATAN *

(MSS150) Cult horror director Jim Van Bebber tackles violence, drugs and heavy metal in this shocking tale of Satanic worship gone amok. **SUPER GRAPHIC**, this tape includes a remastered version of *Roadkill: The Last Days of John Martin* and the druggie documentary *Doper*. (60 min.) \$24.95

NEKROMANTIK *

(NEK105) This uncut, nekro-classic is an absolute 10 on the squirm-o-meter as the disenfranchised youth of Deutschland find inventive uses for the not-so-recently-deceased. Oddly, it's a love story too.. (74 min./English subtitles) \$29.95

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(NEK109) Banned even in Germany, this is the most infamous horror sequel of all time! You'll gasp as a beautiful necrophile discovers true love. There is sex after death! One of our best-selling titles. (100 min./English subtitles) \$29.95

RED * (RED104) "Is Al there, Al Koholic?" Phone pranks can kill a man! If you know about Red, this visual depiction is a must! Lawrence Tierney stars in this hilariously obscene film about the misuse of the telephone. (35 min.) \$19.95

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(ZED151) You know his name, but have you seen his films? Founder of the Cinema Of Transgression, Nick Zedd triumphantly returns with this exclusive collection of his best films: *Police State*, *The Bogus Man*, *The Wild World of Lydia Lunch*, *I Thrust In Me* and more of the Lower East Side's gritty best. (90 min.) \$29.95 NOTE: THIS VIDEO HAS BEEN RETITLED BUT THE PROGRAM IS THE SAME

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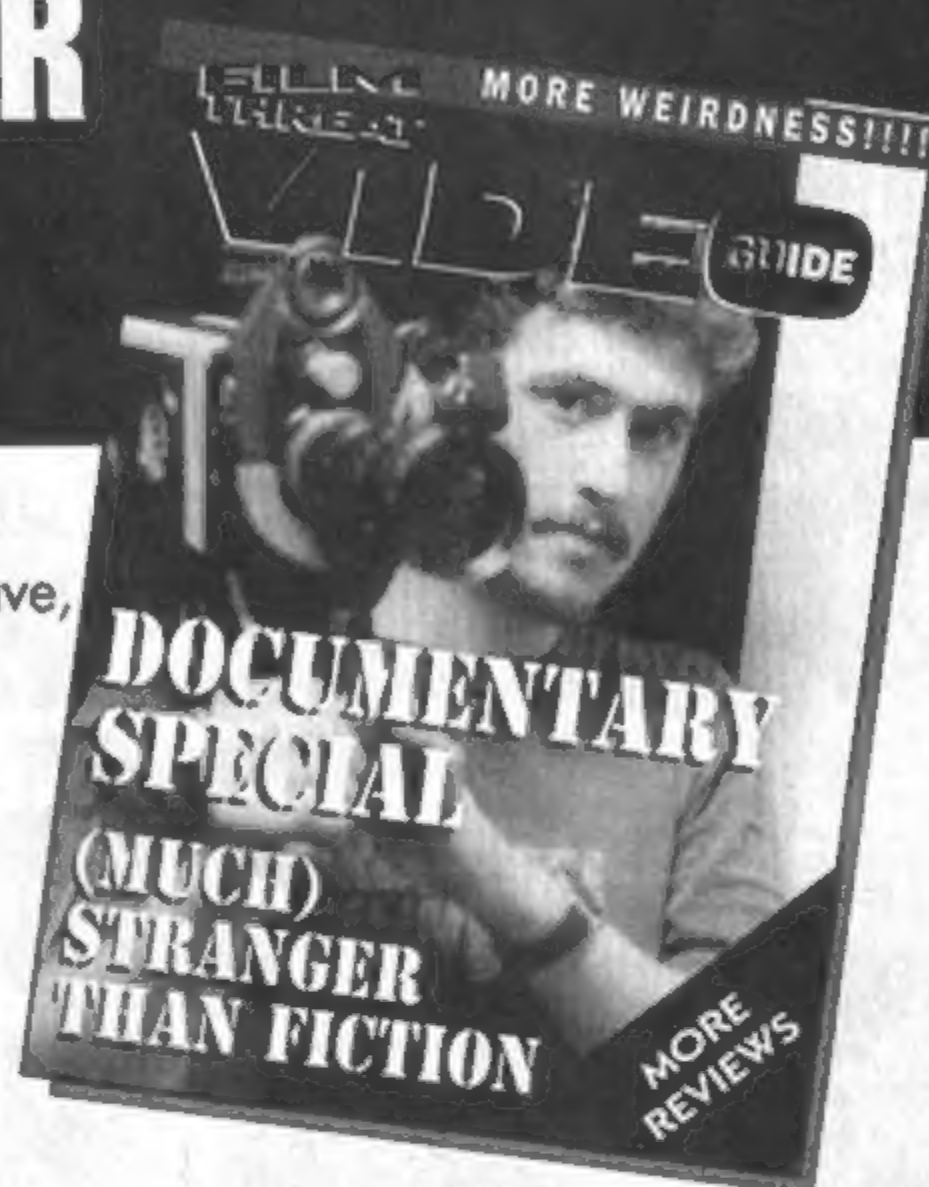
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